Accessions
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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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The Miseries of inforcst Mariage.

Enter Sir Francis Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Bart. BVt *Francke, Francke*, now we are come to the house, What shall we make to be our businesse?

Ilfor. Tut, let vs be impudent enough, and good enough.

Went. We haue no acquaintance heere, but young *Starborrow*.

Ilf. How, no acquaintance? Angels guard me from thy company. I tell thee *Wentloe*, thou art not worthy to weare guilt Spurres, cleane Linnen, nor good Cloathes.

Went. Why, for Gods sake?

Ilf. By this hand thou art not a man fit to table at an Ordinary, keepe Knights company to Bawdy houses, nor begger thy Tailor.

Went. Why then I am free from Cheaters, cleare from the Poxe, and escape Curses?

Ilf. Why, dost thou thinke there is any Christians in the world?

Went. I and Iewes too; Brokers, Puritans, and Sergiants.

Ilf. Or dost thou meane to begge after Charitie, that goes in a cold sute already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here, I tell thee *Wentloe*, thou canst not liue on this side of the World, feed well, drinke Tobacco, and be honored into the presence, but thou must be acquainted with all sortes of men; I, and so farre in too, till they desire to be more acquainted with thee.

Bart. True, and then you shall be accounted a Gallant of good credite. *Enter Clowne.*

Ilf. But stay, heere is a Scrape-trencher ariued: How now Blew-bottle, are you of the House?

Clow. I haue heard of many Blacke-Iacks Sir; but neuer of a Blew-bottle.

Ilf. Well Sir, are you of the House?

Clow. No Sir, I am twentie yardes without, and the house stands without mee.

Bart. Prethee tels who owes this Building?

Clow. He that dwels in it Sir.

Ilf. Who dwels in it then?

Clow. He that owes it.

Ilf. What's his name?

Clow. I was none of his God-father.

Ilf. Dus Maister *Scarborrow* lie heere?

Clow. Ile giue you a Rime for that Sir:

Sicke men may lie, and dead men in their Graues;
Few else doe lie abed at noone, but Drunkards, Punks, & Knaues.

Ilf. What am I the better for thy answere?

Clow. What am I the better for thy question?

Ilf. Why nothing.

Clow. Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter Scarborrow.

Went. Sblood, this is a philosophicall Foole.

Clow. Then I that am a Foole by Art, am better then you, that are Fooles by Nature. *Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkshire.

Ilf. And well incountred my litle Villaine of fifteene hundred a yeare. Sfoot, what makest thou heere in this barren soyle of the North, when thy honest friends misse thee at London?

Scar. Fayth Gallants, tis the Country where my Father liued, where first I saw the light, and where I am loued.

Ilf. Lou'd, I as Courtiers loue Vsurers; and that is iust as long as they lend them Mony. Now dare I lay.

Went. None of your Land (good Knight,) for that is layde to morgage already?

Ilf. I dare lay with any man that will take me vp.

Went. Who list, to haue, a lubberly load. *Sings this.*

Ilf. Sirrah Wag, this Rogue was Sonne & heire to *Antony Nowrow*, and *Blind Moone*: And hee must needes be a scuruy Musition, that hath two Fidlers to his fathers. But tell me in faith, art thou not; nay I know thou art cald downe into the Country heere, by some hoary Knight or other, who knowing thee a young Gentleman of good partes, and a great Liuing, hath desired thee to see some pittifull peece of his workmanship, a Daughter I meane; Ist not so?

Scar. About some such preferment, I came downe.

Ilf. Preferment? a good word: And when do you commence into the Cuckolds order, the Preferment you speake of? When shall we haue Gloues; when, when?

Scar. Fayth Gallants, I haue bin guest here but since last night.

Ilf. Why, and that is time enough to make vp a dozen Marriages; as Marriages are made vp now adayes: For looke you Sir; the Father (according to the fashion) being sure you haue a good Liuing, & without incumbrance, comes to you thus: ——takes you by the hand thus: ——wipes his long Beard thus: ——or, turns vp his Mustacho thus: —— Walkes some turne or two thus: ——to shew his comely Grauitie thus: ——And hauing washt his foule mouth thus: ——at last, breakes out thus: ——

Went. O Good: Let vs heare more of this?

Ilf. Maister *Scarborrow*, your are a young Gentleman, I knew your Father well; hee was my Worshipfull good Neighbour, for our Demeanes lay neare togeather. Then Sir, ——you and I must be of more neare acquaintance.—— At which you must make an eruption thus: ——O God (sweete Sir.)

Bart. Sfoot, the Knight would haue made an excellent *Zany*, in an Italian Comedie.

Ilf. When he goes forward, thus: Sir, my selfe am Lord of some Thousand a yeare, a Widdower, (Maister *Scarborrow*) I haue a couple of young Gentlewomen to my Daughters; a thousand a yeare will do well, deuided among them: Ha, wilt not Maister *Scarborrow*? —At which you out of your education must reply thus: —— The Portion will deserue them worthy Husbandes: On which Tinder, he soone takes fire, and sweares you are the Man his hopes haue shot at, and one of them shall be yours.

Went. If I did not like her, should hee sweare himselfe to the Diuell, I would make him forsworne.

Ilf. Then putting you, and the young Pugges into a close Roome togeather.

Went. Sfoot, if he should lie with her there, is not the father partly the Bawd?

Ilf. Where the young Puppet, hauing her lesson before frō the old Foxe, giues the sonne halfe a dozen warme kisses; which after her fathers oths, takes such impression in thee, thou straight cal'st by Iesu. Mistris, I loue you: ——When she has the wit straight

to aske, but Sir, will you marry me? and thou in thy Cox-sparrow humor replyest, I (before God) as I am a Gentleman will I: which the Father ouer-hearing, leapes in, takes you at your word, sweares he is glad to see this; nay he will haue you contracted straight, and for a needs, makes the Priest of himselfe.

Thus in one houre, from a quiet life,
Thou art sworne in debt, and troubled with a wife.

Bart. But can they loue one another so soone?

Iff. Oh, it is no matter now adayes for loue; tis well, and they can but make shift to lie together.

Went. But will your father doe this too, if he know the gallant breaths himselfe at some two or three Bawdy houses in a morning?

Iff. Oh the sooner; for that, and the Land together, tell the old ladde, he will know the better how to deale with his Daughter?

The Wise and auncient Fathers know this Rule,
Should both wed Maydes, the Child would be a Foole.

Come Wag, if thou hast gone no further then into the Ordinarie fashion, meete, see, & kisse, giue ouer: Marry not a Wife to haue a hundred plagues for one pleasure: lets to London, there's varietie; and change of Pasture, makes fat Calues.

Scra. But change of Women, bauld Knaues, Sir Knight.

Iff. Wag, and thou beest a Louer but three dayes, thou wilt be heartles, sleeples, witles, Madde, wretched, miserable; and indeed a starke Foole: And by that thou hast bin married but three weeks, tho thou shouldst wed a *Cynthia rara auis*, thou wouldest be a man monstrous: A Cuckold, a Cuckold.

Bart. And why is a Cuckold monstrous, Knight?

Iff. Why, because a Man is made a Beast by being married. Take but example thy selfe from the Moone; as soone as she is deliuered of her great belly, doth she not poynt at the world with a paire of hornes, as who should say, maried men yee are Cuckolds.

Scar. I conster more diuinely of their sexe.
Being Maydes, methinkes they are Angels: and being Wiues,
They are Soueraignes; Cordials that preserue our liues.
They are like our hands that feed vs, this is cleare:
They renew man, as Spring renewes the yeare.

Iff. There's nere a wanton Wench that heares thee, but thinkes thee a Coxcome for saying so; Marry none of them: if thou wilt

haue

haue their true Characters, Ile giue it the. ——Women, are the Purgatorie of mens Purses, the Paradice of their bodyes, and the Hell of their mindes; marry none of them. Women, are in Churches Saintes, abroad Angels; but at home, Diuels.
Heere are married men enough, know this: Marry none of them.

Scar. Men that traduce by custome, shew sharpe wit
Onely in speaking ill, and practise it:
Against the best of Creatures, deuine Women,
Who are Gods, Agents heere, and the heauenly eye,
By which this Orbe hath her maturitie:
Beautie in Women, get the World with child;
Without whom, she were barren, faint, and wilde.
They are the Stemmes on which doe Angels grow,
From whence Vertue is stild, and Artes doe flow.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop, and his daughter Clare.

Iff. Let them be what Flowers they will, and they were Roses, I will plucke none of them, for pricking my fingers. But soft, heere comes a voyder for vs: and I see, doe what I can, as long as the World lasts, there will be Cuckolds in it. Doe you heare Childe, heere's one come to blend you togeather: hee has brought you a Kneading-tub, if thou dost take her at his hands,

Tho thou hast *Argus* eyes, be sure of this,
Women haue sworne, with more then one to kisse.

Har. Nay, no parting Gentlemen: *Hem.*

Went. Sfoot, dus he make Puncks of vs, that he Hems already?

Har. Gallants,
Know old *Iohn Harcop* keepes a Wine-seller,
Has traueld, been at Court, knowne fashions;
And vnto all beares habite like your selues:
The shapes of Gentlemen, and men of fort:
I haue a health to giue them ere they part.

Went. Health Knight, not as Drunkards giue their Healthes, I hope; to goe togeather by the eares when they haue done?

Har. My Healthes are, Welcome: Welcome Gentlemen.

Iff. Are we welcome (Knight) infayth.

Har. Welcome infayth, Sir.

Iff. Prethee tell mee, hast not bin an Whoremaister?

Har.

Har. In youth I swild my fill at *Venus* cup,
In stead of full draughtes, now I am faine to sup.

Ile. Why then thou art a man fit for my companie:
Doost thou heare he is a good fellow of our stampe?
Make much of his Father. *Exeunt.*

Manet Scarborrow and Clare.

Scar. The Father, and the Gallantes haue left mee heere with a Gentlewoman, and if I know what to say to her, I am a villen; heauen graunt her life hath borrowed so much impudence of her sex, but to speake to me first: for by this hand, I haue not so much steele of immodestie in my face, to parle to a Wench without blushing. Ile walke by her, in hope she can open her teeth. —— Not a word? —— Is it not strange a man should be in a womans companie all this while, and not heare her tongue? —— Ile goe further. —— God of his goodnes: not a Sillable? I thinke if I should take vp her cloathes too, she would say nothing to me. —— With what words troubles a man begin to woe? Gentlewoman, pray you what ist a clocke?

Clar. Troth Sir, carrying no Watch about me but mine eyes, I answere you: I can not tell.

Scar. And if you cannot tell (Beautie) I take the Addage of my reply: you are naught to keepe Sheepe.

Clar. Yet I am big enough to keepe my selfe.

Scar. Prethe tell mee: Are you not a Woman?

Clar. I know not that neither, till I am better acquainted with a man.

Scar. And how would you be acquainted with a man?

Clar. To distinguish betwixt himselfe and my selfe.

Scar. Why I am a Man.

Clar. That's more then I know, Sir.

Scar. To approoue I am no lesse; thus I kisse thee.

Cla. And by that proofe, I am a man too; for I haue kist you.

Scar. Prethe tell me, can you loue?

Clar. O Lord Sir, three or foure thinges: I loue my Meate, choyse of Suters, Cloathes in the fashion: and like a right woman, I loue to haue my will.

Scar. What thinke you of me for a Husband?

Clar. Let me first know, what you thinke of me for a wife?

Scar.

Scar. Troth I thinke you are a proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. Doe you but thinke so?

Scar. Nay I see you are, a very perfect proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. It is great pittie then, I should be alone without a proper man.

Scar. Your Father sayes, that I shall marrie you.

Clar. And I say, God forbid Sir: Alasse I am a great deale too young.

Scar. I loue thee by my troth.

Cla. O pray you doe not so; for then you stray from the steps of Gentilitie: the fashion among them is, to marrie first, and loue after by leasure.

Scar. That I doe loue thee, heere by Heauen I sweare,
And call it as a witnesse to this kisse.

Clar. You will not inforce me, I hope Sir?

Scar. Makes mee this Womans Husband; thou art my *Clare*:
Accept my heart, and prooue as chast, as faire.

Clar. O God! you are too hot in your gifts: should I accept them now, we should haue you plead *nonage*, some halfe a yeare hence: sue for reuersement, and say, the deed was done vnder age.

Scar. Prethee doe not iest?

Cla. No (God is my record) I speake in earnest, & desire to know
Whether ye meane to marry me yea or no?

Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my louing wife,

Cla. For better, for worse?

Scar. I, till death vs depart, loue.

Cla. Why then I thanke you Sir; and now I am like to haue that I long lookt for, A Husband.
How soone from our owne tongues is the word sed,
Captiues our maden-freedome to a head.

Scar. Clare, you are now mine, and I must let you know,
What euery wife doth to her husband owe:
To be a wife, is to be Dedicate
Not to a youthfull course, wild, and vnsteady;
But to the soule of vertue, obedience,
Studying to please, and neuer to offend.
Wiues, haue two eyes created, not like Birds
To rome about at pleasure, but for two sentinels,

To watch their husbands safety as their owne,
Two hands; one's to feed him, the other her selfe:
Two feete; and one of them is their Husbands:
They haue two of euery thing; onely of one,
Their Chastitie, that should be his alone.
Their very thoughtes they can not tearme them one:
Maydes being once made Wiues, can nothing call
Rightly their owne; they are their Husbands all:
If such a Wife you can prepare to be,
Clare, I am yours; and you are fit for me.

Clar. We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As Women owe a duetie, so doe men.
Men must be like the Branch and Barke to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Cloth them in Winter, tender them in age:
Or as Ewes loue vnto their Eanlings liues;
Such should be Husbands custome to their Wiues.
If it appeare to them they haue straydeamisse,
They onely must rebuke them with a kisse;
Or Clocke them, as Hens Chickens, with kind eall,
Couer them vnder their wing, and pardon all:
No iarres must make two Beddes, no strife deuide them,
Those betwixt whom a fayth and troth is giuen;
Death onely partes, since they are knit by Heauen:
If such a Husband you intend to bee,
I am your Clare, and you are fit for mee.

Scar. By Heauen.

Clar. Aduise before you sweare, let me remember you,
Men neuer giue their Fayth, and promise Mariage,
But Heauen recordes their Oth: if they prooue true,
Heauen smiles for ioy; if not, it weepes for you:
Vnlesse your heart, then with your wordes agree,
Yet let vs part, and let vs both be free.

Scar. If euer man in swearing Loue, swore true,
My wordes are like to his. Heere comes your Father.

Enter sir Iohn Harcop, Iford, Wentloe, Bartley, and Butler.

Har. Now maister Scarborrow.

Scar. Prepar'd to aske, how you like that we haue done,

Your Daughter's made my Wife, and I your Sonne.
Har. And both agreed so?
Both. We are, Sir.
Har. Then long may you liue together, haue store of Sonnes.
Ilf. Tis no matter who is the Father.
Har. But Sonne, heere is a man of yours is come from London.
But. And brought you Letters, Sir.
Scar. What newes from London, *Butler?*
But. The old newes, Sir, the Ordinaries are full of Cheaters, some Citizens are Bankeroutes, and many Gentlemen Beggers.
Scar. Clare, heere is an vnwelcome Pursiuant,
My Lord and *Guardian*, writes to me with speed,
I must returne to London.
Har. And you being Ward to him (sonne Scarborrow)
And know him great, it fits that you obay him.
Scar. It dus, it dus; for by an auntient Law,
We are borne free Heires, but kept like Slaues, in awe.
Who are for London, Gallants?
Ilf. *Switch* and *Spurre*, we will beare you companie.
Scar. Clare, I must leaue thee, with what vnwillingnesse,
Witnes this dwelling kisse vpon thy lip,
And tho I must be absent from thine eye,
Be sure my hart, doth in thy bosome lie:
Three yeares I am yet a ward, which time Ile passe,
Making thy fayth my constant Looking glasse,
Till when.
Clare. Till when you please, where ere you liue or die,
Your loues here worne, your presence in my eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Faulcombridge, and sir William Scarborrow.

Hunsd. Sir William,
How old say you, is your kinsman *Scarborrow*?
Will. Eighteene my Lord, next Pentecost.
Lord. Bethinke you good Sir William,
I reckon thereabout my selfe; so by that account,
Theres full three Winters yet he must attend,
Vnder our awe, before he sue his Liuery:
Is not so?
Will. Not a dayelesse, my Lord.

Lor. Sir *William*, you are his Vncle, and I must speake
That am his *Guardion*: would I had a Sonne
Might merit commendations euen with him.
Ile tell you what he is; he is a youth,
A Noble branch, increasing blessed fruit,
Where Catterpiller vice dare not to touch:
He is himselfe with so much grauity,
Praise cannot praise him with *Hypperbole*:
He is one, whom older looke vpon, as on a booke,
Wherein are Printed Noble sentences
For them to rule their liues by. Indeed he is one
All Emulate his vertues, hate him none.

Willi. His friends are proud, to heare this good of him.

Lord. And yet Sir William, being as he is,
Young and vnsetled, tho of vertuous thoughts,
By *Genuine* disposition, yet our eyes
See daily presidents, hopefull Gentlemen,
Being trusted in the world with their owne will,
Diuert the good is lookt from them, to ill;
Make their old names forgot, or not worth note:
Such company they keepe, such Reueling
With Panders, Parasites, podigies of Knaues,
That they sell all, euen their old fathers graues:
Which to preuent, weele match him to a wife;
Marriage restraines the scope of single life.

Willi. My Lord speakes like a father for my Kinsman.

Lord. And I haue found him one of Noble parentage,
A Neece of mine; nay, I haue broke with her,
Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleasure,
As also for the good appeares in him,
She is pleas'd of all that's hers, to make him King.

Willi. Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage.

Enter Doctor Baxter.

Lord. Also, I haue appointed Doctor Baxter,
Chansellor of Oxford, to attend me heere:
And see, he is come. Good maister Doctor.

Bax. My honourable Lord.

Willi. I haue possest you with this businesse maister Doctor.

Baxt.

Baxt. To see the contract twixt your hanoured Neece,
and maister *Scarborrow.*

Lord. Tis so, and I did looke for him by this.

Bax. I saw him leaue his horse, as I came vp.

Lord. So, so,
Then he will be heere forthwith: you Maister *Baxter*
Go Vsher hither straight young *Katherine*;
Sir *William* heere, and I, will keepe this roome till you returne.

Scar. My honourable Lord. *Enter Scarborrow.*

Lord. Tis well done *Scarborrow.*

Scar. Kind vncle.

Willi. Thankes my good Couz.

Lord. You haue bin welcome in your Country, Yorkshire.

Scar. The time that I spent there my Lord, was merry.

Lord. Twas well, twas very well; and in your absence,
your Vnckle heere, and I, haue bin bethinking
what gift betwixt vs we might bestow on you,
That to your house large dignity might bring,
With faire increase, as from a Christall spring.

Enter Doctor and Katherine.

Scar. My name is bound to your benificence,
Your hands hath bin to me like bounties purse,
Neuer shut vp; your selfe my foster-Nurse:
Nothing can from your honour come, proue me so rude,
But Ile accept to shun Ingratitude.

Lord. We accept thy promise, now returne thee this,
A vertuous wife, accept her with a kisse,

Scar. My honourable Lord.

Lord. Feare not to take her man, she will feare neither,
Do what thou canst, being both abed together.

Scar. O but my Lord.

Lord. But me? Dog of wax; come kisse, and agree,
Your friends haue thought it fit, and it must be.

Scar. I haue no hands to take her to my wife.

Lord. How Sawce-box?

Scar. O pardon me my Lord, the vnripenes of my yeares,
Too greene for gouernment, is old in feares
To vndertake that charge.

Lord. Sir, sir, I and sir knaue, then here is a mellowed experience knowes how to teach you,

Scar. O God,

Lord. O Iacke,

Haue both our cares, your Vnckle, and my selfe,
Sought, studied, found out, and for your good,
A Maide, a Neece of mine, both faire and chast;
And must we stand at your discretion?

Scar. O Good my Lord,
Had I two soules, then might I haue two wiues:
Had I two Faythes, then had I one for her:
Hauing of both but one, that one is giuen
To Sir Iohn Harcops daughter.

Lor. Ha, ha, whats that; let me heare that againe?

Scar. To Sir Iohn Harcops *Clare*, I haue made an oath,
Part me in twaine, she hath one halfe of both:
This Hand the which I weare, it is halfe hers:
Such power hath Fayth and Troth twixt couples young,
Death onely cuts that knot, tide with the tongue.

Lor. And haue you knit that knot, Sir?

Scar. I haue done so much; that if I wed not her,
My Mariage makes me an Adulterer:
In which blacke sheetes I wallow all my life,
My Babes being Bastards, and a Whore my Wife.

Lor. Ha, ist euen so? My Secretarie there, *Enter secretary.*
Write me a Letter straight to Sir Iohn Harcop,
Ile see (Sir Iacke) and if that Harcop dare,
Being my Ward, contract you to his Daughter. *Exit secret.*
My Steward too, post you to Yorkeshyre, *Enter steward.*
Where lyes my youngsters Land: and sirrah,
Fell mee his Wood, make hauocke, spoyle & waste. *Exit steward.*
Sir, you shall know that you are Ward to mee,
Ile make you poore enough; then mende your selfe.

Will. O Cozen.

Scar. O Vnckle.

Lor. Contract your selfe, and where you list?
Ile make you know me Sir, to be your Guard.

Scar. World, now thou seest what tis to be a ward.

Lord.

Lord. And where I meant my selfe to haue disburst
Foure thousand pound, vpon this Mariage,
Surrendred vp your Land to your owne vse,
And compast other Portions to your hands,
Sir, Ile now yoke you still. *Scar.* A yoke indeed.
Hunt. And spight of they dare contradict my will,
Ile make thee marry to my Chamber-mayd. Come couz. *Exit.*
Bax. Fayth Sir, it fits you to be more aduis'd.
Scar. Doe not you flatter for preferment, Sir.
Will. O, but good Coze.
Scar. O, but good Vnckle, could I command my Loue,
Or cancell Oathes out of Heauens brazen booke,
Ingrost by Gods owne finger, then you might speake.
Had men that law to loue, as most haue tongues
To loue a thousand women with, then you might speake.
Were Loue like Dust, lawfull for euery Wind,
To beare from place to place: were Oathes but puffes,
Men might forsweare them-selues; but I doe know,
Tho sinne being past with vs, the act's forgot,
The poore Soule grones, and she forgets it not.
Will. Yet heare your owne case?
Scar. O tis too miserable:
That I (a Gentleman) should be thus torne
From mine owne right, and forst to be forsworne.
Will. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To salue it with aduice, not with dispaire:
You are his Ward; being so, the Law intends,
He is to haue your duty, and in his rule
Is both your Marriage, and your Heritage:
If you rebell against these Iniunctions,
The penaltie takes hold on you; which for himselfe,
He straight thus prosecutes, he wastes your Land,
Weds you where he thinkes fit: but if your selfe,
Haue of some violent humor matcht your selfe
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
To merce your Purse, and in a summe so great,
That shall for euer keepe your fortunes weake;
Where otherwise, if you be ruld by him,

Your

Your house is raisd by matching to his kin.

Enter Falconbridge.

Lord. Now death of me, shall I be croſt by such a Iacke: he wed himselfe, and where he list: Sirrah Malapart, Ile hamper you; You that will haue your will, come get you in: Ile make thee shape thy thoughts to marry her, Or wish thy birth had bin thy murtherer.

Scar. Fate pitty me, because I am inforst; For I haue heard, those matches haue cost bloud, Where loue is once begun, and then withstood. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ilford and a Page with him.

Ilf. Boy, hast thou deliuered my Letter?

Boy. I Sir, I saw him open the lips ont.

Ilf. He had not a new sute on, had he?

Boy. I am not so well acquainted with his Wardrope Sir; but I saw a leane fellow, with sunke eyes, and shamble legges, sigh pittifully at his chamber dore, and intreat his man to put his Maister in minde of him.

Ilf. O, that was his Taylor; I see now he will be blest, hee profits by my counsell: he will pay no debts before he be arested, nor then neither, if he can finde ere a beast that dare but be bayle for him; but he will seale i'th afternoone?

Boy. Yes Sir, he will imprint for you as deepe as he can.

Ilf. Good, good; now haue I a Parsons Nose, and smell tyth comming in then. Now let me number how many Rookes I haue halfe vndone alreadie this Tearme by the first returne: foure by Dice, sixe by being bound with me, and ten by Queanes; of which some be Courtiers, some Country Gentlemen, and some Cittizens sonnes. Thou art a good Franke; if thou pergest thus, thou art still a Companion for Gallants, mayst keepe a Catamite, take Phisicke, at the Spring and the fall.

Enter VVentlot.

Went. Franke, Newes that will make thee fatte, Franke.

Ilf. Prethee rather giue mee somewhat will keepe me leane; I haue no minde yet to take Phisicke.

Went. Maister Scarberrow is married, man.

Ilf. Then Heauen graunt he may (as few married men doe) make much of his Wife.

VVent.

Went. Why, wouldst haue him loue her; let her commaund all,
And make her his Maister?

Ilf. No, no; they that doe so, make not much of their Wiues,
But giue them their will, and that's marring of 'em.

Enter Bartley.

Bart. Honest *Francke*, valerous *Francke*, a portion of thy witte, but to helpe vs in this enterprise, & we may walke London streets, and cry, Pish at the Sergiants.

Ilf. You may shift out one Tearme, & yet die in the Counter:
These are the Scabs now, that hang vpon honest Iob:
I am Iob, and these are the scurvy Scabs:
But what's this your Pot seethes ouer withall?

Bart. Maister Scarborrow is married, man.

Went. He has all his Land in his owne hand.

Bart. His brothers and sisters Portions.

Went. Besides foure thousand pound in ready mony with his (wife.

Ilf. A good Talent by my fayth, it might helpe many Gentlemen to pay their Tailors; and I might be one of them.

Went. Nay, honest *Francke*, hast thou found a tricke for him? if thou hast not, looke, heere's a line to direct thee. First draw him into Bands for Mony, then to Dice for it: Then take vp Stuffe at the Mercers, straight to a Puncke with it: Then morgage his Land, and be drunke with that: so with them, and the rest, from an auncient Gentleman, make him a young Begger.

Ilf. What a Roge is this, to read a Lecture to me, and mine owne Lesson too, which he knowes I ha made perfect to nine hundred fourescore and nineteene: A cheating Rascall, will teach me, I that ha made them that haue worne a spatious Parke, Lodge and all, of their backes this morning, bin faine to pawne it afore night: and they that ha stawked like a huge Elephant, with a Castle on their neckes; and remooued that to their owne shoulders in one day, which their Fathers built vp in seauen yeare, bin glad by my meanes, in so much time as a Child suckes, to drinke Bottle-ale, tho a Puncke pay fort. And shall this Parrat instruct me?

Went. Nay, but *Francke*.

Ilf. A Rogue that hath fed vpon me, and the fruite of my witte, like Pullen from a Pantlers Chippings, and now I haue put him into good clothes, to shift two sutes in a day, that could scarce shift

a patcht Shirt once in a yeare, and sayes prayers when he had it: Harke how he prates.

Went. Besides (Francke) since his Marriage, he stawkes me like a cashierd Captaine discontent; in which Melancholy, the least drop of mirth, of which thou hast an Ocean, will make him, and all his, ours for euer.

Ilf. Sayes mine owne Roge so, giue mee thy hand then, weele doot, and there's earnest: *Strikes him.* Sfut you Chittiface, that lookes worse then a Collier thorough a woodden window, an Ape afeard of a whip, or a Knaues head shooke seauen yeares in the weather vpon London bridge. Doe you Catechize me?

Went. Nay, but valorous *Francke*, he that knowes the secrets of all heartes, knowes I did it in kindnesse.

Ilf. Know your seasons: besides, I am not of that Species for you to instruct. Then know your seasons.

Bart. Sfoot friends, friends, all friends: heere comes young *Scarborrow*, should he know of this, all our disseignes were preuented.

Enter Scarborrow.

Ilf. What, Melancholy my young maister, my young marryed man: God giue your worship ioy.

Scar. Ioy, of what Francke?

Ilf. Of thy wealth, for I heare of few that ha ioy of their wiues.

Scar. Who weds as I haue, to enforced sheets,
His care increaseth, but his comfort fleets.

Ilf. Thou hauing so much witte, what a Deuill meantst thou to marry?

Scar. O speake not of it,
Marriage sounds in my eare like to a Bell,
Not rung for pleasure, but a dolefull knell.

Ilf. A common course, those men that are married in the Morning, to wish themselues buried ere night.

Scar. I cannot loue her.

Ilf. No newes neither, Wiues knowes thats a generall fault amongst their Husbands. *Scar.* I will not ly with her.

Ilf. *Cetera volunt*, sheele say still, If you will not, another will.

Scar. Why did she marry me, knowing I did not loue her?

Ilf. As other Women do, either to bee maintaind by you, or to make you a Cuckold. Now sir, what come you for?

Clow. As men do in haſt, to make an end of their buſines.

Ilf. What's your buſines?

Clow. My buſines is this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir.

Ilf. The meaning of all this Sir.

Clow. By this is as much as to ſay Sir, my Maiſter has ſent vnto you. By this is as much as to ſay Sir, my Maiſter has him humbly commended vnto you; and by this, is as much as to ſay, my Maiſter craues your anſwere. (this Sir.

Ilf. Giue me your Letter: And you ſhall haue this Sir, this Sir, and

Clow. No Sir. *Ilf.* Why Sir?

Clow. Becauſe as the learned haue very well inſtructed me, *Qui ſupra nos, nihil ad nos*, and tho many Gentlemen will haue to doe with other mens buſines; yet from me know, the moſt part of them prooue Knaues for their labour.

Went. You ha the Knaue yfayth, Francke.

Clow. Long may he liue to enioy it. From Sir Iohn Harcop of Harcop, in the Countie of Yorke Knight, by me his Man, to your ſelfe my young Maiſter, by theſe preſentes greeting.

Ilf. How camſt thou by theſe good wordes?

Clow As you by your good Cloathes; tooke them vpon truſt, And ſwore, I would neuer pay for'em

Scar. Thy Maiſter, Sir *Iohn Harcop*, writes to me,
That I ſhould entertaine thee for my Man.
His wiſh is acceptable: thou art welcome fellow.
Oh, but thy maiſters Daughter ſendes an Article,
Which makes me thinke vpon my preſent ſinne;
Heere ſhe remembers me, to keepe in minde
My promiſ'd Fayth to her; which I ha broke:
Heere ſhe remembers me I am a Man,
Blackt ore with Periurie: whoſe ſinfull breaſt,
Is characſtred like thoſe, curſt of the bleſt.

Ilf. How now my young Bully, like a young Wench,
Fourtie weekes after the loſſe of her Maydenhead, crying out.

Scar. Trouble me not,
Giue me Pen, Incke, and Paper, I will write to her.
O! but what ſhall I write?
Mine owne excuſe; why no excuſe can ſerue
For him that ſweares, and from his Oth doth ſwarue?

Or shall I say, my Marriage was inforst?
T'was bad in them, not well in me, to yeeld:
Wretched they two, whose Marriage was compeld:
Ile onely write that which my griefe hath bred;
Forgiue me *Clare*, for I am married:
Tis soone set downe, but not so soone forgot, or worne frō hence.
Deliuer it vnto her; there's for thy paines:
Would I as soone could clense these periurd staines.

Clow. Well, I could alter mine eyes from filthy Mudde, into faire Water: you haue payde for my Teares, and mine eyes shall proue banckrouts, and breake out for you; let no man perswade me, I will cry, and euery Towne betwixt Shoreditch-church and Yorke bridge, shall beare me witnesse. *Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, Ile take my leaue of you,
She that I am married to, but not my Wyfe,
Will London leaue, in Yorkeshire lead our life.

Iff. We must not leaue you so, my young Gallant:
We three are sicke in state, and your wealth must helpe to make vs whole againe: For this saying, is as true as old;
Strife nurst twixt Man and Wife, makes such a flaw,
How great so ere's their Wealth, twill haue a thaw.

Enter sir John Harcop with his daughter Clare, and two younger brothers, Thomas, and John Scarborrow.

Har. Brothers to him, ere long shall be my sonne,
By wedding this young Girle: You are welcome both:
Nay kisse her, kisse her; tho she shall be your brothers wife,
To kisse the cheeke is free.

Tho. Kisse, Sfoot what else? thou art a good plumpe Wench,
I like you well, prethee make haste, and bring store of Boyes;
But be sure they haue good faces that they may call me Vnckle.

Iob. Glad of so faire a Sister, I salute you.

Har. Good, good yfayth; this kissing's good yfayth,
I loou'd to smacke it too when I was young:
But mum; they haue felt thy Cheeke *Clare*, let them heare thy tung.

Clar. Such welcome as befits my *Scarborrowes* brothers,
From me his troth-plight Wife, be sure to haue:
And tho my tongue proue scant in any part,
The boundes be sure are large, full in my heart.

Tho.

Tho. Tut, that's not that we doubt on Wench: but do you heare Sir Iohn, What do you thinke drue me from London, and the Innes of Court, thus farre into Yorkeshire?

Har. I gesse, to see this Girle shall be your sister.

Tho. Fayth, and I gesse partly so too; but the maine was, and I will not lie to you, that your comming now in this wise into our kindred, I might be acquainted with you aforehand, that after my Brother had married your Daughter, I his Brother might borrow some money of you.

Har. What? Do you borrow of your kindred Sir?

Tho. Sfut what else, they hauing interrest in my blood, why should not I haue interrest in their coyne. Besides Sir, I being a younger Brother, would be ashamed of my generation, if I would not borrow of any man that would lend, especially of my affinitie, of whom I keepe a Kalender. And looke you Sir, thus I goe ouer them. Frst ore my Vnckles, often ore mine Aunts, then vp to my Nephewes, straight downe to my Neeces, to this Cosen Thomas, and that Cosen Ieffrey, leauing the courteous claw giuen to none of their elbowes, euen vnto the thirde and fourth remooue of any that hath interrest in our blood: All which do vpon their summons made by me, duely and faithfully prouide for appearance; and so as they are, I hope we shall be, more indeerd, intierly, better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Har. You are a merrie Gentleman.

Tho. Tis the hope of monie makes me so, and I know none but Fooles vse to be sad with it.

Iob. From *Oxford* am I drawne, from serious studies,
Expecting that my Brother still had soiourn'd
With you his best of choyse, and this good Knight.

Har. His absence shall not make our hearts lesse merrie
Then if we had his presence. A day ere long,
Will bring him backe, when one the other meets,
At noone i'th Church, at night betweene the Sheets.
Weele wash this chat with wine. Some wine: fill vp,
The sharpner of the wit, is a full cup. And so to you Sir.

Tho. Do, and Ile drinke to my new Sister, but vpon this condition, that she may haue quiet daies, little rest a nights, ha pleasant afternoones, bee plyant to my brother, and lend me money when so ere Ile borrow it

Har. Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weake, and we must beare with them:
Your frolicke Healthes, are onely fit for men.

Tho. Well. I am contented; Women must to the wall, tho it be to a Feather-bed. Fill vp then.

Enter Clowne, singing.

Clow. From London am I come, tho not with Pipe and Drum,
Yet I bring matter, in this poore Paper,
Will make my young Mistris, delighting in kisses,
Doe as all Maydens will, hearing of such an ill,
As to haue lost, the thing they wisht most:
A Husband, a Husband, a prettie sweete Husband;
Cry oh, oh, oh, and alas; And at last, Ho, ho, ho, as I doe.

Clare. Returnd so soone from London? What's the newes?

Clow. O Mistris, if euer you haue seene *Demonice* cleare, looke into mine eyes; mine eyes are *Seuerne*, plaine *Seuerne*; the *Thames*, nor the Riuer of *Tweed* are nothing to 'em: Nay all the Raine that fell at *Noahs* flood, had not the discretion that my eyes haue; that drunke but vp the whole World, and I ha drownd all the way betwixt this and London.

Clar. Thy newes, good *Robbin*?

Clow. My newes Mistris? Ile tell you strange newes; the Dust vpon London way, being so great, that not a Lord, Gentleman, Knight, or Knaue, could trauell, least his eyes should be blowne out: At last, they all agreed to hire me to goe before them, when I looking but vpon this Letter, did with this water, this very water, lay the dust, as well as if it had raind from the beginning of Aprill, till the last of May.

Clar. A Letter from my *Scarborrow*? Giue it thy Mistris.

Clow. But Mistris. *Clar.* Prethee be gon,
I would not haue my Father, nor this Gentlemen,
Be witnesse of the comfort it doth bring.

Clow. Oh but Mistris.

Clar. Prethee be gon with this, & the glad newes:
Leaue me alone. *Exit clowne.*

Tho. Tis your turne Knight; take your licquor, know I am bountifull, Ile forgiue any man any thing that he owes me, but his drinke, and that Ile be payd for.

Cla. Nay Gentlemen, the honestie of myrth
Consistes not in carowsing with excesse;
My Father hath more welcomes then in Wine:
Pray you no more.

Tho. Sayes my Sister so; Ile be ruld by thee then. But doe you heare? In hope hereafter youle lend me some Mony, now we are halfe drunke, lets goe to dinner. Come Knight. *Exeunt.*

Clar. I am glad you'r gone, *Manet Clar.*
Shall I now open't? no, Ile kisse it first,
Because this outside last did kisse his hand.
Within this fould, (Ile cal't a Sacred sheete)
Are writ blacke lines, where our white hearts shall meete:
Before I ope this dore of my delight,
Methinkes I gesse how kindly he doth write
Of his true loue to me; as, Chucke, Sweet-heart,
I prethee doe not thinke the time too long,
That keepes vs from the sweetes of Mariage rites:
And then he sets my name and kisses it,
Wishing my Lippes his sheete to write vpon:
With like desire, methinkes, as mine owne thoughts,
Aske him now heere for me to looke vpon;
Yet at the last, thinking his loue too slacke,
Ere it arriue at my desired eyes,
He hastens vp his message with like speed;
Euen as I breake this ope, wishing to read. Oh; whats heere?
Mine eyes are not mine owne sure; sure they are not:
Tho you ha bin my lamps this sixteene yeares, *Lets fall the Let.*
You doe bely my *Scarborrow*, reading so:
Forgiue him, he is married; that were ill:
What lying lightes are these. Looke I ha no such Letter,
No wedded sillable of the least wrong
Done to a Troth-plight Virgin like my selfe.
Beshrow you for your blindnesse; *Forgiue him, he is married.*
I know my *Scarborrowes* constancie to me
Is as firme knit, as Fayth to Charitie,
That I shall kisse him often, hugge him thus;
Be made a happy and a fruitfull Mother
Of many prosperous Children, like to him:

And reade I, he was maried? Askt forgiuenes?
What a blinde Foole was I? yet heeres a Letter
To whom directed too? *To my beloued Clare.*
Why Law?
Women will read, and reade not that they saw.
T'was but my feruent loue misled mine eyes,
Ile once againe to the Inside. *Forgiue me, I am married:*
William Scarborrow. He has set his name to't too,
O periury! within the hearts of men
Thy feasts are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.

Enter Thomas Scarborrow.

Tho. Sister, Gods precious, the Cloths laide, the Meate cooles, we all stay, and your Father cals for you.

Clar. Kind Sir, excuse me I pray you a little,
Ile but peruse this Letter, and come straight.

Tho. Pray you make hast, the Meate staies for vs, and our stomacks ready for the meat: for beleeue this,
Drinke makes men hungry, or it makes them lie,
And he thats drunke ore night, i'th morning's dry:
Seene and approoued. *Exit.*

Cla. He was contracted mine, yet he vniust,
Hath married to another: Whats my estate then?
A wretched Maide, not fit for any Man;
For being vnited his with plighted faiths,
Whoeuer sues to me commits a sinne,
Besiedgeth me, and who shall marry me:
Is like my selfe, liues in adulterie, (O God)
That such hard fortune should betide my youth.
I am young, fayre, rich, honest, virtuous:
Yet for all this, who ere shall marry mee,
I am but his Whore, liue in adultery.
I cannot step into the path of pleasure,
For which I was created, borne vnto:
Let me liue neare so honest, rich, or poore,
If I once wed, yet I must liue a Whore.
I must be made a strumpet gainst my will,
A name I haue abhord, a shamefull ill:
I haue eschewed, and now cannot withstand it
In my selfe. I am my Fathers onely Childe

In me he hath a hope, tho not his name
Can be increast, yet by my issue
His Land shall be possest, his age delighted.
And tho that I should vow a single life
To keepe my soule vnspotted, yet will he
Inforce me to a Marriage:
So that my griefe doth of that waight consist,
It helpes me not to yeeld, nor to resist.
And was I then created for a Whore? A Whore,
Bad name, bad act; Bad man, makes me a scorne:
Then liue a Strumpet? Better be vnborne. *Enter Iohn Scarbor.*
Iob. Sister, pray you will you come,
Your Father and the whole meeting stayes for you.
Clar. I come, I come; I pray returne: I come.
Iohn. I must not goe without you.
Clar. Be you my Vsher, sooth Ile follow you. *Exit.*
He writes heere, *To forgiue him, he is Married.*
False Gentleman: I doe forgiue thee with my heart;
Yet will I send an answere to thy Letter,
And in so short wordes, thou shalt weepe to read them;
And heere's my agent readie: *Forgiue me, I am dead.*
Tis writ, and I will act it: Be iudge you Maydes
Haue trusted the false Promises of Men.
Be iudge you Wiues, the which haue been inforst
From the white Sheetes you lou'd, to them yee loath'd:
Whether this *Axiome* may not be assured,
Better one sinne, then many, be endured.
My Armes imbracings, Kisses, Chastitie,
Were his possessions: and whilst I liue,
He doth but steale those pleasures he enioyes,
Is an Adulterer in his married armes;
And neuer goes to his defiled Bed,
But God writes Sinne vpon the Teasters head.
Ile be a Wife now, helpe to saue his soule,
Tho I haue lost his body, giue a slake
To his iniquities, and with one sinne
Done by this hand, end many done by him.
Farewell the World then, farewell the Wedded ioyes,

Till this I haue hope for, from that Gentleman,
Scarborrow, forgiue me: thus thou hast lost thy Wife,
Yet record would, though by an act so foule,
A Wife thus did, to cleanse her Husbands soule.

Enter sir John Harcop.

Har. Gods precious, for his mercy, Where's this Wench?
Must all my Friends and Guestes attende on you?
Where are you Minion?

Clar. *Scarborrow*, come close mine eyes, for I am dead.

Har. That sad voyce was not hers, I hope:
Who's this, my Daughter?

Clar. Your Daughter,
That begs of you to see her buried:
Prayes *Scarborrow* to forgiue her: she is dead. *Dyes.*

Har. Patience good teares, and let my words haue way:
Clare, my Daughter? Helpe, my Seruants there:
Lift vp thine eyes, and looke vpon thy Father,
They were not borne to loose their light so soone:
I did beget thee for my comfort,
And not to be the author of my care.
Why speakst thou not? Some helpe, my Seruants there:
What hand hath made thee pale? Or if thine owne?
What cause hadst thou, that wert thy Fathers ioy,
The Treasue of his age, the Cradle of his sleepe,
His all in all? I prethee speake to me:
Thou art not ripe for death, come backe againe;
Clare, my *Clare*, if Death must needes haue one,
I am the fittest, prethee let me goe:
Thou dying whilst I liue, I am dead with woe.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow.

Tho. What meanes this outcry?

Iob. O ruthfull spectacle.

Har. Thou wert not wont to be so sullen, Child,
But kind and louing to thy aged Father:
Awake, awake; Ist be thy lasting sleepe,
Would I had not Sence for griefe, nor Eyes to weepe.

Iob. What Paper's this? the sad contentes doth tell me,
My Brother writ, he hath broke his Fayth to her,

And she replyes; for him, she hath kild her selfe.
Har. Was that the cause, that thou hast soyld thy selfe
With these red spots; these blemishes of Beautie?
My Child, my Child; Wast Periurie in him,
Made thee so faire, act in so foule a sinne,
That he deceiued thee in a Mothers hopes,
Posteritie, the blisse of Marriage?
Thou hast no Tongue to answere no, or I,
But in red Letters writes; *For him I die.*
Curse on his trayterous tongue, his youth, his blood,
His pleasures, Children, and possessions;
Be all his dayes like Winter; comfortlesse:
Restlesse his nightes, his wantes remorcelesse,
And may his Corpes be the Phisitians stage,
Which playde vpon, stands not to honoured age:
Or with Diseases may he lie and pine,
Till Griefe wax blind his eyes, as Griefe doth mine. *Exit.*
Ioh. O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, more to be pitied.

Enter Scarborrow, his wife Katherine, Ilford, Wentlee, Bartley and Butler.

Ilf. What, ride by the Gate, & not call, that were a shame y faith?
Went. Weele but taste of his Beere, kisse his Daughter, and to Horse againe: Where's the good Knight, heere?
Scar. You bring me to my shame vnwillingly.
Ilf. Shamed, of what; for deceiuing of a Wench? I ha not blusht, that ha dont to a hundred of 'em.
In Womens loue, hee's wise doth follow this,
Loue one so long, till her another kisse.
Where's the good Knight, heere?
Ioh. O Brother, you are come to make your eye
Sad mourner at a fatall Tragedie.
Peruse this Letter first, and then this Corps.
Scar. O wronged *Clare!* Accursed *Scarborrow*;
I writ to her, *That I was married.*
She writes to me, *Forgiue her, she is dead.*
Ile balme thy body with my faythfull Teares,
And be perpetuall mourner at thy Tombe.

Ile sacrifice this Commit into sighes,
Make a consumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefites my Parents gaue,
Shall turne distempered, to appease the wrath
For this blood shed, and I am guiltie of.
Kat. Deare Husband.
Scar. False Woman, not my Wife, tho married to me:
Looke what thy friendes, and thou art guiltie of,
The murther of a creature, equald Heauen
In her Creation, whose thoughts like fire,
Neuer lookt base, but euer did aspire
To blessed benefites, till you and yours vndid her:
Eye her, view her; tho dead, yet she dus looke
Like a fresh Frame, or a new printed Booke
Of the best Paper, neuer lookt into,
But with one sullied finger, which did spot her,
Which was her owne too: but who was cause of it?
Thou, and thy friendes; and I will loath thee for't.

Enter sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. They doe bely her, that they doe,
She is but straide to some by-Gallerie,
And I must ha her againe. Clare, where art thou Clare?
Scar. Heere, laid to take her euerlasting sleepe.
Har. A lyes that sayes so:
Yet now I know thee, I doe lie, that say it,
For if she be a Villen like thy selfe,
A periurd Traytor, Recreant, Miscreant,
Dogge: a Dogge, a Dogge, has dont.
Scar. O Sir Iohn Harcop.
Har. O sir Iohn Villen, to betroth thy selfe
To this good creature, harmelesse, harmelesse child,
This kernell, hope, and comfort of my House,
Without inforcement, of thine owne accord,
Draw all her soul i'th compasse of an Oth;
Take that Oth from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her?
Scar. Shame on them were the cause of it.
Har. But harke what thou hast got by it,

Thy

Thy Wife is but a Strumpet, thy Cdildren Bastards,
Thy selfe a murtherer, thy wife accessarie,
Thy Bed a Stewes, thy House a Brothell.

Scar. O, tis too true.

Har. I, made a wretched father, childles.

Scar. I, made a married man, yet wiueles.

Har. Thou the cause of it.

Scar. Thou the cause of it. *To his wife.*

Har. Curse on the day that ere it was begun,
For I an old man am, vndone, vndone. *Exit.*

Scar For Charitie, haue care vpon that Father,
Least that his griefe, bring on a more mishap:
This to my Armes, my sorrow shall bequeath,
Tho I haue lost her, to thy Graue Ile bring;
Thou wert my Wife, and Ile thy *Requiem* sing:
Goe you to the Country, Ile to London backe,
All ryot now, since that my soule's so blacke. *Exit with Clare.*

Ka. Thus am I left like Sea-tost Marriners.
My fortunes being no more then my distresse,
Vpon what Shore soeuer I am driuen,
Be it good or bad, I must account it Heauen:
Tho married, I am reputed no Wife;
Neglected of my Husband, scornd, despis'd:
And tho my loue and true obedience,
Lies prostrate to his becke, his heedles eye,
Receiues my seruices vnworthily.
I know no cause, nor will be cause of none,
But hope for better dayes, when bad be gone.
You are my Guide; Whither must I, *Butler*?

But. Toward Wakefield, where my Maisters Liuing lies.

Ka. Toward Wakefield, where thy Maister, weele attend,
When thinges are at the worst, tis hope they le mend.

Enter Thomas, and John Scarborrow.

Tho. How now sister, no further forward on your iourney yet?

Ka. When griefe's before me, who'd goe on to griefe?
Ide rather turne me backe to find some comfort.

John. And that way sorrow's hurtfuller then this,
My Brother hauing brought vnto a graue,

To them that onely thriues,
by kissing others wiues:
To them that pay for cloathes,
With nothing but with Oathes:
Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt:
This Health my harts. drinkes.
But who their Taylors pay,
Borrow, and keepe their day,
Weele hold him like this Glasse,
A braineleſſe empty Aſſe;
And not a mate for vs.
Drinke round, my harts.

Went. An excellent Health. *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Maiſter *Ilford*, there's a couple of Strangers beneath, deſires to ſpeake with you.

Ilf. What Beards ha they? Gentleman-like Beardes, Or Broker-like Bearde?

Draw. I am not ſo well acquainted with the art of Face-mending, Sir: but they would ſpeake with you.

Ilf Ile goe downe to'em.

Went. Doe; and weele ſtay heere & drinke Tobacco the while.

Scar. Thus like a Feuer that doth ſhake a man
From ſtrength to weakeneſſe, I conſume my ſelfe:
I know this company, their cuſtome vilde,
Hated, abhord of good-men; yet like a Child,
By Reaſons rule inſtructed how to know
Euill from good, I to the worſer goe.
Why doe you ſuffer this, you vpper powers,
That I ſhould ſurfet in the ſinne of taſte;
Haue ſence to feele my miſchiefe, yet make waſte
Of heauen and earth?
My ſelfe will anſwere, what my ſelfe doth aske.
Who once doth cheriſh Sinne, begets his ſhame;
For Vice being foſterd once, comes impudence;
Which makes men count, Sinne, Cuſtome; not offence:
When all is like mee, their reputation blot,
Purſuing euill, while the good's forgot.

Enter Ilford led in by a couple of Sergeants, and Gripe the Vsurer.

Serg. Nay, neuer striue, we can hold you.

Ilf. I, mee, and the Diuell too, and a fall into your clutches: Let go your tugging, as I am a Gent. Ile be your true prisoner.

Went. How now, what's the matter, *Franke*?

Ilf. I am fallen into the hands of Sergiants: I am arrested.

Bart. How, arrested, a Gentleman in our companie?

Ilf. Put vp, put vp; for sinnes sake put vp, let's not all suppe in the Counter to night: let me speake with M. *Gripe* the Creditor.

Grip. Well, what say you to me, Sir?

Ilf. You haue arrested me heere, Maister *Gripe*.

Grip. Not I Sir, the Sergiants haue.

Ilf. But at your sute M. *Gripe*: yet heare me, as I am a Gentleman.

Grip. I rather you could say, as you were an honest man, And then I might beleeue you.

Ilf. Yet heare mee.

Grip. Heare me no hearing, I lent you my mony for good will.

Ilf. And I spent it for meere necessitie; I confesse I owe you fiue hundred pound; and I confesse I owe not a penny to any man, but he would be glad to ha't: my Bond you haue already, M. *Gripe*, if you will, now take my word.

Grip. Word me no words: Officers looke to your Prisoner: if you cannot either make me present payment, or put me in securitie, such as I shall like too.

Ilf. Such as you shall like too: what say you to this young Gent. Hee is the Widgen that we must feed vpon.

Grip. VVho young M. *Scarborrow*? he is an honest Gentleman, for ought I know, I neere lost penny by him.

Ilf. I would be ashamed any man should say so by mee, that I haue had dealinges withall: But my inforced friendes, wilt please you but to retire into some small distance, whilst I discend with a few words to these Gentlemen, and Ile commit my selfe into your merciless handes immediatly.

Serg. VVell Sir, weele waite vpon you.

Ilf. Gentlemen, I am to proffer some conference, and in especially to you M. Scarborrow; our meeting heere for your mirth, hath prooued to me thus aduerse, that in your companies I am arrested: How ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations,

Where men of ranke and note communicate, that I *Franke Ilford*, Gent. whose Fortunes may transcend, to make ample gratuities future, & heape satisfactiō, for any present extention of his friends kindnes, was inforced from the Miter in Bredstreet, to the Counter i'the Poultry: for my owne part, if you shall thinke it meete, and that it shall accord with the state of Gentry, to submit my selfe, from the Feather-bed in the Maisters side, or the Flock-bed in the Knights ward, to the Straw-bed in the Hole, I shall buckle to my heeles in stead of guilt Spurres, the armour of Patience, and doo't.

Went. Come, come, what a pox need all this; this is *Mellis Flora*, the sweetest of the Hony; he that was not made to fatte Cattell, but to feed Gentlemen.

Bart. You weare good Cloathes.

Went. Are well descended.

Bart. Keepe the best companie.

Went. Should regard your credite.

Bar. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.

Went. Yee are richly married.

Bar. Loue not your Wife.

Wen. Haue store of Friendes.

Bar. VVho shall be your Heyre?

Wen. The sonne of some Slaue.

Bar. Some Groome.

Wen. Some Horse-keeper.

Bar. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.

Scar. VVell, at your importance, for once Ile stretch my Purse, Who's borne to sinke, as good this way, as worse.

VVen. Now speakes my Bully, like a Gentleman of worth.

Bart. Of merite.

VVen. Fit to be regarded.

Bart. That shall commaund our soules.

VVen. Our Swords.

Bart. Our selues.

Ilf. To feed vpon you, as *Pharoes* leane Kine did vpon the fat.

Scar. Maister *Gripe*, is my Bond currant for this Gentleman?

Ilf. Good security you Ægyptian Grashopper, good security.

Grip. And for as much more, kind Maister Scarborrow, Prouided, that men mortall (as we are,) May haue.

Scar.

Scar. May haue Securitie.

Grip. Your Bond with Land conuayd; which may assure me of mine owne againe.

Scar. You shall be satisfied, and Ile become your debter,
For full fiue hundred more then he doth owe you:
This night we sup heere, beare vs companie,
And bring your Counsell, Scriuener, and the mony with you,
Where I will make as full assurance as in the Law you'd wish.

Grip. I take your word, Sir,
And so discharge you of your Prisoner.

Iso. Why then lets come and take vp a new roome, the infected hath spit in this.
He that hath store of Coyne, wants not a friend,
Thou shalt receiue sweet rogue, and we will spend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow.

Iob. Brother, you see the extremitie of want,
Inforceth vs to question for our owne;
The rather that we see, not like a Brother,
Our Brother keepes from vs, to spend on other.

Tho. True, he has in his handes our Portions, the Patrimonie which our father gaue vs; with which he lyes fatting himselfe with Sacke and Suger in the house, and we are faine to walke with leane purses abroad. Credite must be maintained, which wil not be without Mony; good Cloathes must be had, which will not be without Mony; companie must be kept, which will not be without Mony: all which we must haue; and from him we will haue Mony.

Iob. Besides, we haue brought our Sister to this Towne,
That she her selfe hauing her owne from him,
Might bring her selfe in Court to be preferd,
Vnder some Noble personage; or else that hee,
Whose friendes are great in Court, by his late match,
As he is in nature bound, prouide for her.

Tho. And he shall doe it brother, tho we haue waited at his Lodging, longer then a Taylors Bill on a young Knight for an old reckoning, without speaking with him: Heere we know he is, and we will call him to parle.

Iob. Yet let vs doo't in milde and gentle tearmes;
Faire wordes perhaps may sooner draw our owne,

Then ruffer courses, by which his mischiefe growne. *Enter Draw.*

Draw. Anon, anon; looke downe into the Dolpine there.

Tho. Heere comes a Drawer, we will question him.
Doe you heare my friend, is not Maister Scarborrow heere?

Dra. Heere sir, what a iest is that? where should he be else?
I would haue you well know, my Maister hopes to ride a cocke-horse by him, before he leaues him.

Ioh. How long hath he continued heere since he came hither?

Dra. Fayth sir, not so long as Noahs flood, yet long enough to haue drowned vp the Liuings of three Knights, as Knights goes now adayes, some moneth or there aboutes.

Ioh. Time ill consumed, to ruinate our House:
But what are they that keepe him companie?

Dra. *Pitch, Pitch*; but I must not say so: yet for your further satisfaction, did you euer see a young Whelpe and a Lyon plaie together.

Iohn. Yes.

Draw. Such is maister *Scarborrow*, such are his Company.

Within. *Oliuer.*

Draw. Anon, anon, looke downe to the Pomgranate there.

Tho. I prethee say, heere's them would speake with him.

Dra. Ile doe your message: Anon, anon, there. *Exit.*

Ioh. This Foole speakes wiser then he is aware,
Young heires, left in this towne, where sinne's so ranke,
And Prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
Are like young Whelps throwne in the Lyons den,
Who play with them awhile, at length deuoure them.

Enter Scarborrow.

Scar. Who's there would speake with me?

Ioh. Your Brothers, who are glad to see you well.

Scar. Well.

Ioh. Tis not your ryot, that we heare you vse,
(With such as waste their Goods, as Time the World,
In continuall spending, nor that you keepe
The companie of a most leprous route,
Consumes your bodyes wealth, infectes your name
With such Plague-sores, that had you reasons eye,
T'would make you sicke, to see you visit them)

Hath

Hath drawne vs, but our wantes, to craue the due
Our Father gaue, and yet remaines with you.

Tho. Our Birth-right (good Brother) this Towne craues maintenance, Silke Stockings must be had; and we would be loath our Heritage should be arraigned at the Vintners Barre, and so condemned to the Vintners Box, though while you did keepe House, we had some Belly-timber at your Table, or so; yet we would haue you thinke, we are your Brothers, yet no *Esaus*, to sell our Patrimonie for Porridge.

Scar. So, so; what hath your comming else?

Iob. With vs, our Sister ioynes in our request,
Whom we haue brought along with vs to London,
To haue her Portion, wherewith to prouide,
An honord Seruice, or an honest Bride.

Scar. So, then you two my Brothers, and she my Sister, come not, as in dutie you are bound, to an elder Brother, out of Yorkshire to see vs, but like Leaches, to sucke from vs.

Iob. We come compeld by want, to craue our owne.

Scar. Sir, for your owne? then thus be satisfied,
Both hers and yours were left in trust with me,
And I will keepe it for you: Must you appoynt vs,
Or what we please to like, mix't with reproofe:
You haue been too sawcie both, and you shall know,
Ile curbe you for it: aske why? Ile haue it so.

Iob. We doe but craue our owne.

Scar. Your owne Sir: what's your owne?

Tho. Our Portions giuen vs by our Fathers will.

Iob. Which heere you spend.

Tho. Consume?

Iob. VVayes worse then ill.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Ilford.

Ilfo. Nay, nay, nay, *Will*; prethee come away, we haue a full Gallon of Sacke stayes in the fire for thee, thou must pledge it to the Health of a friend of thine.

Scar. Sirrah, who dost thinke these are, *Franke*?

Ilfo. VVho, they are Fidlers, I thinke; if they be, I prethee send them into the next roome, and let them scrape there, weele send to

them preſently.

Sca. They are my Brothers, *Franke*, come out of Yorkſhire,
To the Tauerne heere, to aske their Portions:
They call my Pleaſures, Ryots; my Companie, Leprocs; and like
a Schoole-boy, they would tutor me.

Ilf. O, thou ſhouldſt haue done well to haue bound them Prentiſes when they were young, they would haue made a couple of good ſaweie Taylors.

Tho. Taylors?

Ilfo. I Birdlime, Taylors? Taylors are good men, and in the Tearme time they weare good Cloathes. Come, you muſt learne more māners, as to ſtand at your brothers backe, to ſhift a trencher neatly, and take a Cup of Sacke, and a Capons legge contentedly.

Tho. You are a Slaue, that feedes vpon my brother like a Flie,
Poyſoning where thou doſt ſucke.

Sca. You lie.

Ioh. O, (to my griefe I ſpeake it) you ſhall find,
There's no more difference in a Tauerne-haunter,
Then is betweene a Spittle and a Begger.

Tho. Thou workſt on him like Tempeſtes on a Shippe.

Ioh. And he, the worthy Trafficke that doth ſinke.

Tho. Thou makſt his name more loathſome then a Graue.

Ioh. Liueſt like a Dogge, by Vomit.

Tho. Die a ſlaue.

Heere they draw, Wentloe and Bartley come in, and the two Vintners Boyes, with Clubbes: all ſet vpon the two Brothers; Butler Scarborrowes man comes in, ſtandes by, ſees them fight, takes part with neither.

But. Doe, fight: I loue you all well, becauſe you were my old Maſters ſonnes; but Ile neither part you, nor be partaker with you. I come to bring my Maiſter newes, he hath two Sonnes borne at a birth in Yorekſhire, and I find him togeather by the eares with his Brothers in a Tauerne in London. Brother and Brother at ods, tis naught: ſure, it was not thus in the dayes of Charitie. Whats this world like to? Faith iuſt like an In-keepers Chamber-pot, receiues all Waters, good and bad; it had need of much ſcouring. My old Maiſter kept a good Houſe, and twenty or thirty tall Sword and Buckler men about him: and yfayth his Sonne differs not much,

he

he will haue Mettle too; tho he hath not store of Cutlers blades, he will haue plentie of Vintners Pots His Father kept a good House for Honest men his Tenants, that brought him in part: and his Sonne keepes a bad House, with Knaues, that helpe to consume all. Tis but the change of time: why should any man repine at it? Crekets, good louing and lucky Wormes, were wont to feed, sing, and reioyce in the Fathers Chimnie: and now, carrion Crowes build in the Sonnes Kitchin: I could be sorry for it; but I am too old to weepe. Well then, I will go tell him newes of his of-spring.

Exit.

Enter the two brothers, Thomas & Iohn Scarborrow hurt, and sister.

Sist. Alas, good Brothers, how came this mischance?

Tho. Our Portions, our Brother hath giuen vs our Portions, Sister, hath he not?

Sist. He would not be so monstrous, I am sure.

Ioh. Excuse him not; he is more degenerate,
Then greedy Vipers that deuoure their Mother,
They eate on her but to preserue them selues;
And hee consumes himselfe, and beggers vs.
A Tauerne is his Inne, where amongst Slaues,
He killes his substaunce, making Pots the Graues
To burie that, which our fore-fathers gaue.
I askt him for our Portions, told him that you
Were brought to London, and we were in want,
Humbly we crau'd our owne; when his reply
Was, Hee knew none we had, beg, starue, or die.

Sist. Alas, what course is left for vs to liue by then?

Tho. In troth sister, wee two, to beg in the fieldes,
And you, to betake your selfe to the old trade,
Filling of small Cannes in the suburbes.

Sist. Shall I be left then like a common road,
That euery Beast that can but pay his tole,
May trauell ouer, and like to Cammomile,
Florish the better, being trodden on.

Enter Butler, bleeding.

But. Well I will not curse him: he feedes now vpon Sacke and Anchoues with a pox to him; but if he be not faine before he dies, to eate Acorns, let me liue with nothing but pollerd, & my mouth

bee

be made a Cooking-stoole for euery Scould to set her tayle on.

Tho. How now Butler, whats the meaning of this?

But. Your Brother meanes to lame as many as he can, that when he is a Begger himselfe, he may liue with them in the Hospitall. His Wife sent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him that God had blest him with two Sonnes, he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her; crosses mee ore the pate, and sendes mee to the Surgeons to seeke salue; I lookt at least he should haue giuen me a brace of Angels for my paines.

Tho. Thou hast not lost all thy longing, I am sure he hath giuen thee a crackt crowne.

But. A plague on his fingers, I cannot tell, he is your Brother, and my Maister, I would be loath to Prophesie of him; but whosoeuer doth curse his Children being Infants, ban his wife lying in child-bed, and beates his man bringes him newes of it, they may be borne rich, but they shall liue Slaues, be Knaues, and die Beggers.

Sist. Did he do so?

But. Gesse you, he bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, and sent me to the Surgeons.

Sist. Why then I see there is no hope of him:
Some Husbands are respectles of their Wiues,
During the time that they are yssuelesse,
But none with Infants blest, can nourish hate,
But loue the Mother for the Childrens sake.

Iob. But hee that is giuen ouer vnto sin,
Leprosed therewith without, and so within:
O Butler, we were yssue to one Father;

But. And he was an honest Gentleman.

Iob. Whose hopes were better then the sunne he left,
Should set so soone, vnto his Houses shame:
He liues in Tauerns, spending of his wealth,
And heere his Brothers and distressed Sister,
Not hauing any meanes to helpe vs with.

Tho. Not a Scots Baubee (by this hand) to blesse vs with.

Iob. And not content to ryot out his owne,
But he detaines our Portions; suffers vs
In this strange Ayre, open to euery wracke,
Whilst he in ryot swims to be in lacke.

But. The more's the pittie.

Sist. I know not what in course to take me to,
Honestly I faine would liue: What shall I doe?

But. Sooth Ile tell you: your Brother hath hurt vs,
We three will hurt you, and then goe all to a Spittle togeather.

Sist. Iest not at her, whose burden is too greeuous;
But rather lend a meanes how to relieue vs.

But. Well, I doe pittie you, and the rather, because you say, you would faine liue honest, and want meanes for it: for I can tell you, tis as strange heere, to see a Mayde faire, poore, and honest, as to see a Collier with a cleane face: Maydes heere, doe liue (especially without maintenance)
Like Mice going to a Trap,
They nibble long, at last they get a clap.
Your father was my good Benifactor, and gaue me a House whilst I liue, to put my head in: I would be loth then to see his onely Daughter, for want of meanes, turne Puncke; I haue a drift to keepe you honest, (Haue you a care to keepe your selfe so) yet you shall not know of it, for womens tongues are like Siues, they will hold nothing, they haue power to vent. You two will further me?

Joh. In any thing, good honest *Butler*.

Tho. If t be to take a Purse, Ile be one.

But. Perhapes thou speakest righter then thou art aware of: well, as chance is, I haue receiued my Wages: there is fourtie shillinges for you, Ile set you in a lodging; and till you heare from vs, let that prouide for you: weele first to the Surgeons,
To keepe you honest, and to keepe you braue;
For once an honest man, will turne a Knaue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scarborrow hauing a Boy carrying a Torch with him, Ilford, Wenloe, and Bartley.

Scar. Boy, beare the Torch faire: Now am I armd to fight with a Wind-mill, and to take the Wall of an Emperour: Much drinke, no mony: A heauie head, and a light paire of heeles.

Wen. O, stand man?

Scar. I were an excellent creature to make a Punke of; I should downe with the least touch of a knaues finger: thou hast made a good night of this; What hast won, *Franke*?

Ilf. A matter of nothing, some hundred poundes.

Sca. This is the Hell of all Gamsters; I thinke when they are at play, the boord eats vp the mony: for if there be fiue hūdred pound lost, there's neuer but a hundred pounds won. Boy, take the Wall of any man: and yet by light, such deeds of darknes may not be.

Put out the Torch.

Went. What dost meane by that, *Will*?

Scar. To saue charge, & to walke like a Fury, with a Fire-brand in my hand: euery one goes by the light, & weele go by the smoke.

Enter Lord Faulkenbridge.

Scar. Boy, keepe the Wall: I will not budge for any man, by these Thumbes; and the paring of the Nayles shall sticke in thy teeth not for a world.

Lord. Who's this, young *Scarborrow*?

Scar. The man that the Mare rid on.

Lord. Is this the reuerence that you owe to me?

Scar. You should haue brought me vp better then.

Lord. That Vice should thus transforme Man, to a beast.

Scar. Goe to, your name's Lord; Ile talke with you when you'r out of debt, and ha better cloathes.

Lord. I pittie thee, euen with my very soule.

Scar. Pittie i'th thy throat, I can drinke Muscadine and Egges, and muld Sacke: doe you heare, you put a peece of turnd Stuffe vpon mee: but I will,

Lord. What will you doe, Sir?

Scar. Pisse in thy way, and that's no slaunder.

Lord. Your sober blood will teach you otherwise.

Enter Sir William Scarborow.

S. *Will.* My honoured Lord, you'r happily well met.

Lord. Ill met, to see your Nephew in this case;
More like a brute Beast, then a Gentleman.

S. *Wil.* Fie Nephew, shame you not, thus to transforme your self?

Scar. Can your Nose smell a Torch?

Wil. Be not so wild, it is thine Vnckle, Scarborrow.

Scar. Why, then tis the more likely tis my Fathers brother.

S. *Will.* Shame to our name, to make thy selfe a beast;
Thy body worthy borne, and thy youths brest
Tyld in due time, for better discipline.

Lord. Thy selfe new married to a Noble [illegible]

Rich in Possessions, and Posteritie;
Which should call home thy vnstayde affections.
S. Will. Where thou makst hauocke.
Lor. Ryot, spoyle, and waste.
S. Will. Of what thy Father left.
Lord. And liuest disgrast.
Scar. Ile send you shorter to heauen, then you came to the earth:
Doe you Catechize? doe you Catechize?
He drawes, and strikes at them.
Iff. Hold, hold; doe you draw vpon your Vnckle?
Scar. Pox of that Lord:
Weele meete at Miter; where weele sup downe sorrow,
We are drunke to night, and so weele be to morrow. *Exeunt.*
Lord. Why now I see, what I heard of, I beleeu'd not:
Your kinsman liues.
S. Will. Like to a Swine.
Lor. A perfect *Epythite*, hee feedes on draffe,
And wallowes in the Mire, to make men laugh:
I pittie him.
S. Will. No pittie's fit for him.
Lor. Yet weele aduise him.
S. Will. Hee is my kinsman.
Lor. Being in the pit where many doe fall in,
We will both comfort him, and counsell him. *Exeunt.*
A noyse within, crying, Follow follow, follow: then enter Butler, Thomas and John Scarborrow with many bagges.
Tho. What shall we doe now, Butler?
But. A man had better line a good handsome paire of Gallowes before his time, then be borne to doe these sucklinges good, their Mothers milke not wrung out of their Nose yet; they know no more how to behaue themselues in this honest & needfull calling of Purse-taking, then I doe to peece Stockings.
Within. This way, this way, this way.
Both. Sfoot, what shall we doe now?
But. See, if they doe not quake like a trembling Aspe-leafe, and looke more miserable, then one of the wicked Elders picturd in the painted cloth; should they but come to the credit to be arraind for

hang'em, and they were indighted but for stealing of Egges.

Within. Follow follow, this way follow.

Tho. Butler.

Iohn. Honest Butler.

But. Squat heart squat, creepe mee into these Bushes,
And lie me as close to the ground, as you would do to a Wench.

Tho. How good Butler? shew vs how?

But. By the Moone, patronesse of all Purse-takers, who would be troubled with such Changelings; sqat heart sqat.

Tho. Thus, Butler.

But. I so suckling, so, sturre not now; if the peering Rogues chaunce to goe ouer you, yet stirre not; younger Brothers call you'em, and haue no more forecast, I am ashamed of you: these are such whose fathers had need leaue them mony, euen to make them ready withall; for by this Hiltes, they haue not wit to butten their sleeues without teaching: close, sqat close. Now if the lot of hanging doe fall to my share, so; then the Fathers old man drops for his young Maisters. If it chaunce it chances; and when it chances, Heauen and the Sheriffe send me a good Rope; I would not go vp the Lather twise for any thing: in the meane time, preuentions, honest preuentions do well, off with my skinne; so, you on the ground, and I to this Tree to escape the Gallows.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

But. Doe follow; if I doe not deceiue you, Ile bid a pox of this wit, and hang with a good grace.

Enter sir Iohn Harcop with two or three other with him.

Har. Vp to this Wood they tooke; search neare my friendes, I am this morne robd of three hundred pound.

But. I am sorry there was not foure, to ha made euen mony; Now by the Diuels hornes, tis sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. Leaue not a Bush vnbeat, nor Tree vnsearcht;
As sure as I was robd, the Theeues went this way.

But. There's no body (I perceiue) but may lie at some time,
For one of them climbd this wayes.

1. Stand, I heare a voyce; and here's an Owle in an Iuy bush.

But. You lie, tis an old Seruingman in a Nut-tree.

2. Sirrah; sir, what make you in that Tree?

the shels, and I eate the kernels.

Har. What Fellow's that?

But. Sir Iohn Harcop, my noble Knight, I am glad of your good health, you beare your age faire, you keepe a good house, I ha fed at your boord, and bin drunke in your Butterie.

Har. But sirrah, sirrah; What made you in that Tree?
My Man and I, at foot of yonder Hill,
Were by three Knaues robd of three hundred pound.

But. A shrewd losse berlady sir; but your good Worship may now see the fruit of being miserable: You will ride but with one man to saue Horse-meat and mans meat at your Inne at night, and lose three hundred pound in a morning.

Har. Sirrah, I say I ha lost three hundred pound.

But. And I say sir, I wish all miserable Knights might be serued so: For had you kept halfe a dozen tall Fellowes, as a man of your coat should do, they would haue helpt now to keepe your mony.

Har. But tell me sir, Why lurkt you in that Tree?

But. Mary, I will tell you sir; Comming to the top of the Hill where you (Right worshipfull) were robd at the bottome, and seeing some a scuffling togeather, my minde straight gaue me, there were Knaues abroad: Now sir, I knowing my selfe to be olde, tough, and vnwieldy, not being able to do as I would; as much as to say, Rescue you (Right worshipfull) I, like an honest man, one of the Kinges liege people, and a good subiect,

Seru. But a sayes well, sir.

But. Got me vp to the top of that Tree: the Tree (if it could speake) would beare me witnesse, that there I might see which way the Knaues tooke, then to tell you of it, and you, right worshipfully to send Hue to cry after 'em.

Har. Was it so?

But. Nay, twas so, sir.

Har. Why, then I tell thee, they tooke into this Wood.

But. And I tell thee (setting thy Worsh. Knighthood aside) he lyes in his throat that sayes so. Had not one of them a white Frocke? Did they not bind your Worships Knighthood by the thumbes, then fagoted you & the foole your man, backe to backe?

Man. Hee sayes true.

tooke ouer the Lawnes, and left *Vienna* steeple on the left hand.

Har. It may be so: by this they are out of reach;
Well, farewell it.

But. Ride with more men good Knight.

Har. It shall teach me wit. *Exit Har. with Followers.*

But. So, If this bee not playd a weapon beyonde a Schollers Prize, let me be hist at: Now to the next. Come out you Hedghogs.

Tho. O Butler, thou deserust to be chronicled for this.

But. Doe not bely me, If I had my right, I deserue to be hanged for't. But come, downe with your dust, our mornings purchase.

Tho. Heere tis, thou hast playd well, Thou deseruest two shares in it.

But. Three hundred pound: A pretty breakfast: Many a man workes hard all his daies, and neuer sees halfe the money. But come, though it be badly got, it shall be better bestowed. But do ye heare Gallants, I ha not taught you this trade to get your liuings by: Vse it not, for if you doe, though I scapt by the Nut tree, be sure youle speed by the Rope: But for your paynes at this time, theres a hundred pounds for you; how you shall bestow it, Ile giue you instructions. But do you heare. Looke you goe not to your Gilles, your Punkes, and your Cock-tricks with it: If I heare you do, as I am an honest Theefe, tho I helpt you now out of the Bryers, Ile be a meanes yet, to helpe you to the Gallowes. How the rest shall be employed, I haue determined, and by the way Ile make you acquainted with it.

To steale is bad, but taken where is store,
The fault's the lesse, being don, to helpe the poore. *Exeunt.*

Enter, Ventloe, Bartley: and Ilford, with a Letter in his hande.

Ilf. Sure I ha sed my prayers, and liud virtuously a late, that this good fortune's befalne me. Looke Gallants: I am sent for to come downe to my Fathers buriall.

Went. But dust meane to goe?

Ilf. Troth no, Ile goe downe to take possession of his land, let the Country bury him and they will: Ile stay here a while, to saue charge at his Funerall.

Ent. And how dost feele thy self Franke now, that [illegible]

Ilf. As I did before, with my hands; how should I feele my selfe else? But Ile tell you newes, Gallants.

Went. What's that? Dost meane now to serue God?

Ilf. Fayth partly, for I intend shortly to goe to Church, And from thence, do faythfull seruice to one Woman.

Enter Butler.

But. Good, I ha met my flesh-hookes togeather.

Bart. What, dost meane to be married?

Ilf. I Mungrell, married.

But. Thats a bayte for me.

Ilf. I will now be honestly married.

Went. Its impossible, for thou hast bin a Whore-maister this seauen yeare.

Ilf. Tis no matter, I will now marrie, and to some honest Woman too; and so from hence, her Vertues shall be a countenance to my Vices.

Bart What shall she be, prethee?

Ilf. No Lady, no Widdow, nor no Waighting Gentlewoman: for vnder protection, Ladyes may lard their Husbands heades, Widdowes will Woodcocks make, and Chamber-maydes of Seruingmen learne that, they le nere forsake.

Went. Who wilt thou wed then, prethee?

Ilf. To any Mayde, so she be faire: to any Mayde, so she be rich: to any Mayde, so she be young: and to any Mayde,

Bart. So she be honest.

Ilf. Fayth, tis no great matter for her honestie; for in these dayes, that's a Dowrie out of request.

But. From these Crabbes will I gather sweetnesse: wherein Ile imitate the Bee, that suckes her Hony; not from the sweetest Flowers, but Timb, the bitterest: So these, hauing been the meanes to begger my Maister, shalbe the helpes to relieue his Brothers and Sister.

Ilf. To whom shall I now be a suter?

But. Fairefall ye Gallants.

Ilf Nay, and she be faire, she shall fall sure enough. Butler, how ist, good Butler?

But. Will you be made Gallants?

Went. I, but not willingly Cuckolds, tho we are now talking about Wiues.

But. Let your Wiues agree of that after, will you first be richly married?

All. How Butler: richly married?

But. Riche in Beauty, riche in Purse, riche in vertue, riche in all things. But *Mum*, Ile say nothing, I know of two or three rich Heyres. But *Cargo*, my Fiddlesticke cannot play without Rozen:

Went. Butler. (Auant.

Ilf. Dost not knowe mee Butler?

But. For Kex, dryde Kex, that in summer ha bin so liberall to fodder other mens Cattle, and scarce haue enough to keepe your owne in Winter. Mine are precious Cabinets, and must haue precious Iewils put into them, and I know you to be Merchants of Stockfish, dry meate, and not men for my market: Then vanish.

Ilf. Come, ye old mad-cap you, what need all this? Cannot a man ha bin a little Whore-mayster in his youth, but you must vpbraide him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when he is married, his Wife shall finde in him? Why, my Fathers dead man now, who by his death hath left me the better part of a thousand a yeare.

But. Tut, shee of Lancashire has fifteene hundred.

Ilf. Let me haue her then, good Butler.

But. And then shee the bright beautie of Leystershire, has a thousand; nay thirteene hundred a yeare, at least.

Ilf. Or, let me haue her, honest Butler.

But. Besides, shee the most delicate, sweete countenanst, black-browd Gentlewoman in Northamptonshire, in substaunce equals the best of'em.

Ilf. Let me haue her else.

Bart. Or I.

Went. Or I, good Butler.

But. You were best play the partes of right Fooles, and most desperat Whore-maisters, and go togeather by the eares for them, ere ye see them. But they are the most rare featurd, well faced, excellent spoke, rare qualited, vertuous, and worthy to be admired Gentlewoman.

All. And rich, Butler?

But. (I that must be one, tho they want all the rest) And rich Gallants, as are from the vtmost parts of *Asia*, to these present confines of *Europe*.

All. And wilt thou helpe vs to them, Butler?

But. Fayth, tis to be doubted; for pretious Pearle will hardly be bought without pretious Stones, and I thinke there's scarce one indifferent one to be found, betwixt you three: yet, since there is some hope ye may prooue honest, as by the death of your Fathers you are prooued rich, walke seuerally; for I knowing you all three to be couetous Tug-mottons, will not trust you with the sight of each others beautie, but will seuerally, talke with you: and since you haue deigned in this needfull portion of Wedlocke, to be ruled by mee, Butler will most bountifully prouide Wiues for you generally.

All. Why that's honestly sayd.

But. Why so; and now first to your, sir Knight.

Ilf. Godamercy.

But. You see this couple of abhominable Woodcocks heere.

Ilfo. A pox on them, absolute Coxcomes.

But. You heard me tell them, I had intelligence to giue of three Gentewomen.

Ilfo. True.

But. Now indeed Sir, I ha but the performance of one.

Ilf. Good.

But. And her I do intende for you, onely for you.

Ilf. Honest Butler.

But. Now sir, she being but lately come to this Towne, and so neerely watcht by the iealous eyes of her friendes, she being a rich heyre, least she should be stolne away by some dissolute Prodigal, or desperat estated Spend-thrift, as you ha bin, sir.

Ilf. O, but that's past, Butler.

But. True, I know't, and intend now but to make vse of them, flatter with them with hopefull promises, and make them needfull instrumentes.

Ilf. To helpe mee to the Wench?

But. You ha hit it, which thus must be effected; first by keeping close your purpose.

Ilf. Good.

But. Also concealing from them, the lodging, beautie, & riches of your new, but admirable Mistris.

Iff. Excellent.

But. Of which your following happines, if they should know, either in enuie of your good, or hope of their owne aduancement, they'd make our labours knowne to the Gentlewomans Vnckles, and so our benefite be frustrate.

Iff. Admirable, Butler.

But. Which done, al's but this, being, as you shal be brought into her companie; and by my praysing your Vertues, you get possession of her Loue, one morning step to the Tower, or to make all sure, hier some stipendarie Priest for Money; for Money in these dayes, what will not be done? And what will not a man doe for a rich Wife? and with him, make no more adoe, but marrie her in her Lodging: and being married, lie with her, and spare not.

Iff. Doe they not see vs, doe they not see vs? Let me kisse thee, let me kisse thee Butler: let but this be done, and all the benefit, requitall, and happinesse I can promise thee for't, shall be this, Ile be thy rich Maister, and thou shalt carry my Purse.

But. Enough: meete mee at her Lodging some halfe an houre hence; Harke, she lies.

Iff. I ha't.

But. Fayle not.

Iff. Will I liue?

But. I will but shift off these two Rhinoceros,

Iff. Wigens, Wingens, a couple of Guls.

But. With some discourse of hope to wiue them too, and be with you straight.

Iff. Blest day: my loue shall be thy Cushion, honest Butler. *Exit.*

But. So; now to my tother Gallants.

Went. O Butler, we ha bin in passion at thy tediousnesse.

But. Why looke you? I had all this talke for your good.

Bar. Hadst?

But. For, you know the Knight is but a scuruy-proud-prating Prodigall, licentious, vnnecessarie.

Went. An Asse, an Asse, an Asse.

But. Now you heard me tell him, I had three Wenches in store.

Bar. And he would ha had them all, would he?

But.

But. Heare mee; tho he may liue to be an Oxe, he had not now so much of the Goate in him, but onely hopes for one of the three, when indeed I ha but two; and knowing you to be men of more Vertue, and dearer in my respect, intend them to be yours.

Went. We shall honour thee.

Bart. But how, Butler?

But. I am now going to their place of residence, scituate in the choysest place of the Citie, at the signe of the Wolfe, iust against Gold-smiths-row, where you shall meet me; but aske not for me, onely walke too and fro: and to auoyd suspition, you may spende some conference with the Shop-keepers wiues; they haue Seates built a purpose for such familiar entertainment; where from a Bay Window which is opposite, I will make you knowne to your desired Beauties, commende the good partes you haue.

Went. Bith'masse, mine are very few.

But. And win a kind of desire (as Women are soone wonne) to make you be beloued; where you shall first kisse, then woe, at length wed, and at last bed, my noble hearts.

Both. O Butler!

But. Wenches, *bona robes*, blessed Beauties, without colour or counterfait; Away, put on your best Cloathes, get you to the Barbers, curle vp your Haire, walke with the best strouts you can: you shall see more at the Window, and I ha vowd to make you.

Bart. Wilt thou?

But. Both fooles; and Ile want of my wit, but Ile doo't.

Bart. We will liue together as fellowes.

Went. As Brothers.

But. As arrant Knaues: if I keepe you company.

O, the most wretched season of this time;
These men, like Fish, doe swimme within one streame;
Yet they'd eate one another, making no conscience
To drinke with them they'd poyson; no offence,
Betwixt their thoughts and actions, haue controule,
But headlong run, like an vnbiacst Bowle:
Yet I will throw them on, but like to him
At play, knowes how to loose, and when to win.

Enter Thomas and John Scarborrow.

Tho. Butler.

But. O, are you come, and fit as I appoynted? so, tis well, You know your kues, and haue instructions how to beare your selues: All, all is fit, play but your part, your states from hence are firme. *Exit.*

John. What shall I tearme this creature? not a man,

Betwixt this, Butler leades Ilford in.

Hee's not of mortals temper, but hee's one,
Made all of goodnesse, tho of flesh and bone;
O Brother, Brother, but for that honest man,
As neere to miserie had bin our breath,
As where the thundring pellet strikes, is death.

Tho. I, my shift of shirtes, and change of clothes, know't.

Iob. Weele tell of him like Bels, whose musicke rings
On Coronation day, for ioy of Kings,
That hath preseru'd their steeples, not like towls,
That summons liuing teares, for the dead soules.

Enter Butler and Ilford aboue.

But. Gods precious, see the hell Sir, euen as you had new kist, and were about to court her, if her Vncles be not come.

Ilf. A plague on the spite on't.

But. But tis no matter sir, stay you heere in this vpper chamber, and Ile stay beneath with her, t'is tenne to one you shall heare them talke now, of the greatnesse of her possessions, the care they haue to see her well bestowed, the admirablenes of her vertues; all which for all their comming, shall be but happinesse ordained for you, and by my meanes be your inheritance.

Ilf. Then thou't shift them away, and keepe me from the sight of them.

But. Haue I not promist to make you?

Ilfo. Thou hast.

But Go to then, rest heere with patience, and be confident in my trust; onely in my absence, you may praise God for the blessednes you haue to come, and say your prayers if you will, Ile but prepare her heart for entertainement of your loue: dismisse them, for your free accesse, and returne straight.

Ilf. Honest-blest-natural-friend, thou dealest with mee like a brother,

brother, Butler: Sure heauen hath reserued this man to weare gray haires, to doe me good, now will I listen; listen close, to sucke in her Vncles words with a reioyceing eare.

Tho. As we were saying, brother,
Where shall we find a Husband for my Neece?

Ilf. Mary, she shall find one heere, tho you little know't, thanks honest Butler.

Iob. She is left rich in Money, Plate, and Iewels.

Ilf. Comfort, comfort to my soule.

Tho. Hath all her Manner houses richly furnished.

Ilf. Good, good; Ile find imployment for them.

Within. Bur. Speake loude enough, that he may heare you.

Iob. I take her state to be about a thousand pound a yeare:

Ilf. And that which my Father hath left me, will make it about fifteen hundred: admirable.

Iob. Indebt to no man? then must our naturall care be,
As she is wealthy, to see her married well.

Ilf. And that she shall be, as well as the Priest can; he shall not leaue out a word on't.

Tho. I thinke she has.

Ilf. What, a Gods name?

Tho. About foure thousand pound in her great Chest.

Ilf. And Ile find a vent for't, I hope.

Iob. She is vertuous, and she is faire.

Ilf. And she were toule, being rich, I would be glad of her.

But. Pisht, pisht.

Iob. Come, weele goe visit her; but with this care,
That to no Spend-thrift we do marry her. *Exeunt.*

Ilf. You may chance be deceiued (old gray-beards) here's he will spend some of it, thankes, thankes, honest Butler. Now doe I see the happines of my future estate, I walke me as to morrow, being the day after my Marriage, with my fourteene men in Liuerie cloakes after me, and step to the Wall in some chiefe Streete of the Citie, tho I ha no occasion to vse it, that the Shop-keepers may take notice how many followers stand bare to me; and yet in this latter age, the keeping of men being not in request, I will turne my aforesayd foureteene into two Pages and two Coaches: I will get my selfe into grace at Court, run head-long into debt, and then looke scuruily

vpon the Citty, I will walke you into the Presence, in the afternoone, hauing put on a richer sute, then I wore in the morning, and call Boy, or Sirrah: I will ha the grace of some great Lady, though I pay fort; and at the next Triumphes run a tilte, that when I run my course, though I breake not my launce, she may whisper to her selfe, looking vpon my Iewell, well run my Knight: I will now keepe great Horses, scorning to haue a Queane to keepe me; indeed I will practise al the gallantry in vse; for by a wife comes al my happines.

Enter Butler.

But. Now sir, you ha heard her Vnckles; and how do you like them?

Ilfo. O Butler, they haue made good thy words, and I am rauisht with them.

But. And hauing seene, and kist the Gentlewoman, how do you like her?

Ilfo. O Butler, beyond discourse, shee's a Paragon for a Prince, then a fit implement for a Gentleman, beyond my Element.

But. Well then, since you like her, and by my meanes, she shall like you: Nothing rests now but to haue you married.

Ilfo. True Butler, but withall to haue her portion.

But. Tut, thats sure yours when you are married once, for tis hirs by inheritance: but do you loue her?

Ilf. O, with my soule.

But. Ha you sworne as much?

Ilfo. To thee, to her, and ha cald heauen to witnes.

But. How shall I know that?

Ilf. Butler, heere I protest, make vowes irreuocable.

But. Vpon your knees?

Ilf. Vpon my knees, with my heart and soule I loue her.

But. Will liue with her? *Ilf.* Will liue with her.

But. Marry her, and maintaine her?

Ilfo. Marry her, and maintaine her.

But. For her, forsake all other Women?

Ilfo. Nay, for her, forsweare all other Women.

But. In all degrees of loue?

Ilf. In all degrees of Loue; either to court, kisse, giue priuate fauours, or vse priuate meanes; Ile doe nothing that married men being close Whore-maisters do, so I may haue her.

But. And yet you hauing beene an open Whore-maister, I will not beleeue you, till I heare you sweare as much in the way of contract, to her selfe, and call me to be a witnesse.

Iff. By Heauen, by Earth, by Hell, by all that man can sweare, I will, so I may haue her.

But. Enough.
Thus at first sight, rash men, to women sweare,
When such oths broke, heauen greeues, and sheds a teare:
But shee's come, ply her, ply her. *Enter Scabberrowes Sister.*

Iff. Kind mistres, as I protested, so againe I vow, ifaith I loue you.

Sist. And I am not Sir, so vncharitable,
To hate the man that loues me.

Iff. Loue me then,
The which loues you, as Angels loues good men;
Who wisheth them to liue with them for euer,
In that high blisse, whom Hell can not disseuer.

But. Ile steale a way and leaue them, so wise men do,
Whom they would match, let them haue leaue to woe. *Exit.*

Iff. Mistris, I know your worth is beyond my desert, yet by my praising of your virtues, I would not haue you, as Women vse to do, become proude.

Sist. None of my affections are prides children, nor a kin to them.

Iff. Can you loue me then?

Sist. I can, for I loue all the world, but am in loue with none.

Iff. Yet be in loue with me, let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our soules
Like Turtles, haue a mutuall Simpathy,
Who loue so well, that they together die;
Such is my life, who couets to expire,
If it should loose your loue.

Sist. May I beleeue you?

Iff. Introth you may:
Your life's my life, your death my dying day.

Sist. Sir, the commendations I haue receiued from Butler, of your birth, and worth, together with the Iudgement of mine owne eie, bids me beleeue, and loue you.

Iff. O seale it with a kisse:
Blest hower, my life had neuer ioy till this.

Exit

Enter Wentloe, and Bartley, beneath.

Bart. Here about is the house, sure.

Went. We cannot mistake it, for heres the signe of the Wolfe, and the Bay-window.

Enter Butler above.

But. What so close? Tis well, I ha shifted away your Vncles Mistris: But see the spight, Sir Francis, if yon same couple of smelsmockes, Wentloe, and Bartley, ha not scented after vs.

Isf. A poxe on 'em, what shall we do then Butler?

But. What, but be married straight man.

Isf. I but how, Butler?

But. Tut, I neuer faile at a dead lift; for to perfect your blisse, I haue prouided you a Priest.

Isf. Where, prethee Butler, where?

But. Where? But beneath in her Chamber: I ha fild his hands with Coine, and he shall tye you fast with wordes, he shall close your hands in one, and then do clap your selfe into her sheetes, and spare not

Isf. O sweete. *Exit Isfo'd with his Sister.*

But. Downe, downe, tis the onely way for you to get vp.
Thus in this taske, for others good, I toyle,
And she kind Gentlewoman weds her selfe,
Hauing bin scarcely woed, and ere her thoughts
Haue learnd to loue him, that being her Husband,
She may releeue her brothers in their wantes;
She marries him to helpe her neerest kin,
I make the match, and hope it is no sinne.

Went. Sfut it is scuruy walking for vs so neere the two Counters, would he would come once?

Bar. Masse hee's yonder: Now Butler.

But. O Gallants are you here, I ha done wonders for you, commended you to the Gentlewomen, who hauing taken note of your good legs, and good faces, haue a liking to you, meet me beneath.

both. Happy Butler. *Exit Wentloe and Bartley.*

But They are yours, and you are theirs, meet me beneath I say.
By this they are wedded, I, and perhaps haue bedded.
Now followes whether (knowing she is poore)
Heele sweare he lou'd her, as he swore before. *Exit Butler.*

Enter

Enter Ilford with Scarborrowes Sister.

Ilf. Ha Sirrha, who would ha thought it; I perceiue now a Woman may be a Maid, be married, and loose her maiden-head, and all in halfe an hower: and how doest like me now, Wench?

Sist. As doth befit your seruant and your wife,
That owe you loue and duty all my life.

Ilf. And there shall be no loue lost, nor seruice neither, Ile do thee seruice at boord, and thou shalt do me seruice at bed: Now must I as young married men vse to do, kisse my portion out of my young wife. Thou art my sweet Rogue, my Lambe, my Pigsny, my play-fellow, my pretty pretty any thing; come a busse prethee, so tis my kind heart; and wats thou what now?

Sist. Not till you tell me, Sir.

Ilf. I ha got thee with Child in my conscience, and like a kinde Husband, me thinkes I breede it for thee. For I am alreadie sicke at my stomacke, and long extreamley: Now must thou bee my helpefull Phy sition, and prouide for me.

Sist. Euen to my blood,
Whats mine is yours, to gaine your peace or good.

Ilf. What a kind soule is this, could a man haue found a greater content in a wife, if he should ha sought through the world for her: Prethee heart, as I saide, I long, & in good troth I do, and me thinks thy first Child will be borne without a nose, if I lo se my longing, tis but for a trifle too, yet me thinkes it will do me no good, vnlesse thou effect it for me. I could take thy Keyes my selfe, goe into thy Closet, and reade ouer the Deeds and Euidences of thy Land, and in reading ouer them, reioyce I had such blest fortune to haue so faire a wife, with so much indowment; and then open thy Chests, and suruey thy Plate, Iewels, Treasure: But a pox ont, all will do me no good, vnlesse thou effect it for me.

Sist. Sir I will shew you all the wealth I haue,
Of Coyne, of Iewels, and Possessions.

Ilf. Good gentle heart, Ile giue thee an other busse for that; for that, giue thee a new gowne to morrow morning, by this hand; do thou but dreame what stuffe, & what fashion thou wilt haue it on, to night.

Sist. The land I can endow you with, is my Loue:
The riches I possesse for you is Loue:

A Treasure greater then is Land or Gold;
It cannot be forfaite, and it shall nere be sold.

Ilf. Loue, I know that, and Ile answere thee loue for loue in aboundance: but come, prethee come, lets see these Deedes and Euidences; this Money, Plate, and Iewels: wilt ha thy Child borne without a Nose? If thou best so careless, spare not: why my little frappet you, I heard thy Vnckles talke of thy Riches, that thou hadst hundreds a yeare, seuerall Lordships, Manner houses, Thousands of poundes in your great Chestes; Iewels, Plate, and Ringes, in your little Boxe.

Sist. And for that Riches, you did marry mee?

Ilf. Troth I did, as now-adayes Batchelers doe, sweare I lou'd thee; but indeed married thee for thy Wealth.

Sist. Sir, I beseech you, say not your othes were such,
So, like false Coyne, being put vnto the touch;
Who beare a flourish in the outward show,
Of a true stampe, but truely are not so:
You swore to me; I gaue the like to you:
Then as a Ship being wedded to the Sea,
Dus either sayle, or sinke; euen so must I:
You being the Hauen, to which my Hopes must flie.

Ilf. True Chucke, I am thy Hauen, and Harbor too,
And like a Ship I tooke thee, who brings home Treasure,
As thou to me, the Marchant-venturer.

Sist. What Riches I am ballast with, are yours.

Ilf. Thats kindly sayd, now.

Sist. If but with Sand, as I am but with Earth,
Being your right of right, you must receiue me:
I ha no other lading, but my Loue;
Which in aboundance I will render you:
If other fraught you doe expect my store,
Ile pay you Teares; my Riches, are no more.

Ilf. How's this? How's this? I hope you do but iest.

Sist. I am Sister to decayed Scarborrow.

Ilf. Ha?

Sist. Whose substance, your inticementes did consume.

Ilf. Worse then an Ague.

Sist. Which as you did beleeue, so they suppos'd,

Twas fitter for your selfe, then for another,
To keepe the Sister, had vndone the Brother.

Ilf. I am guld, by this hand: An old Conni-catcher, and beguild: Where the pox now are my two Coaches, choyse of Houses, seuerall Sutes; a plague on them, and I know not what? Doe you heare Puppet, do you thinke you shall not be damned for this, to cozen a Gentleman of his hopes, and compell your selfe into Matrimonie with a man, whether he will or no with you: I ha made a faire match yfayth; will any man buy my commodity out of my hand? As God saue me, he shall haue her for halfe the mony she cost me. *Enter Wentloe and Bartley.*

Went. O, ha we met you, Sir.

Bart. What, turnd Micher; steale a Wife, and not make your old friendes acquainted with it?

Ilfo. A pox on her: I would you had her.

Wen. Wel, God giue you ioy: we can heare of your good fortune, now tis done, tho we could not be acquainted with it aforehand.

Bart. As that you haue two thousand pound a yeare.

Went. Two or three Manner houses.

Bart. A Wife faire, rich, and vertuous.

Ilfo. Prettie infayth, very prettie.

Went. Store of Gold.

Bart. Plate in aboundance.

Ilf. Better, better, better.

Went. And so many Oxen, that their Hornes are able to store all the Cuckolds in your Countrie.

Ilf. Doe not make me mad, good Gent. doe not make me mad: I could be made a Cuckold with more patience, then indure this.

Went. Foe, we shall haue you turne proud now,
Grow respectles of your auncient acquaintance:
Why, Butler told vs of it; who was the maker of the match for you?

Ilf. A pox of his furtherance Gentlemen, as you are Christians, vexe me no more: that I am married, I confesse; a plague of the Fates, that Wedding and Hanging comes by destenie: but for the riches she has brought, beare witnes how Ile reward her.

Sist. Sir. *Kickes her.*

Ilfo. Whore; I, and Iade, Witch, Ilfast, Stinking-breath, Crooked-nose, worse then the Deuill; and a plague on theee that euer I

saw thee.

Bart. A Comedy, a Comedy.

Went. Whats the meaning of all this? Is this the maske after thy marriage?

Ilf. O Gentlemen, I am vndone, I am vndone, for I am marryed; I that could not abide a woman, but to make her a Whore; hated all Shee-creatures, fayre, and poore; swore I would neuer marry, but to one that was rich; and to be thus cunnicacht. Who do you thinke this is Gentlemen?

Went. Why your wife, who should it be else?

Ilf. Thats my misfortune; that marrying her in hope she was rich, she prooues to be the beggerly Sister to the more beggerly Scarborrow.

Bart. How?

Went. Ha, ha, ha.

Ilfo. I, you may laugh, but she shall cry as well as I, for't.

Bart. Nay, do not weepe.

Went. He dus but counterfaite now, to delude vs: hee has all her Portion of Land, Coyne, Plate, Iewels; and now dissembles thus, least we should borrow some Mony of him.

Ilf. And you be kind Gentlemen, lend me some; for hauing payd the Priest, I ha not so much left in the world, as will hire me a Horse to carry me away from her.

Bart. But art thou thus guld, infayth?

Ilfo. Are you sure you ha eyes in your head?

Went. Why then, by her brothers setting on, in my conscience, who knowing thee now to ha somewhat to take to, by the death of thy Father; and that he hath spent her Portion, and his owne Possessions, hath layde this plot, for thee to marry her; and so he to be rid of her himselfe.

Ilf. Nay, that's without question; but Ile be reuenged of'em both. For you Minxe: nay Sfoot, giue'em me, or Ile kicke else.

Sist. Good, sweete.

Ilf. Sweete with a poxe, you stinke in my nose: giue me your Iewels: Nay, Bracelets too.

Sist. O me, most miserable.

Ilf. Out of my sight; I, and out of my doores: for now, what's within this house is mine; and for your brother,

He

He made this match, in hope to doe you good:
And I weare this, for which, shall draw his blood.
Went. A braue resolution. *Exit with Went. and Bartley.*
Bart. In which weele second thee.
Isab. Away, Whore; Out of my doores Whore.
Sist. O griefe, that Pouertie should hathat power to teare
Men from themselues, tho they wed, bed, and sweare.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow, with Butler.

Tho. How now Sister?
Sist. Vndone, vndone.
But. Why Mistris, How ist? how ist?
Sist. My Husband has forsooke me.
But. O periure.
Sist Has taine my Iewels, and my Bracelets from me.
Th. Vengeance, I plaid the thiefe for the mony that bought'em.
Sist. Left me distrest, and thrust me forth of doores.
Tho. Damnation on him, I will heare no more;
But for his wrong, reuenge me on my brother,
Degenerate, and was the cause of all,
He spent our Portion, and Ile see his fall.
Ioh. O, but good brother.
Tho. Perswade me not,
All hopes are shipwract, miserie comes on,
The comfort we did looke from him, is frustrate,
All meanes, all maintenance (but griefe) is gone:
And all shall end, by his destruction. *Exit.*
Ioh. Ile follow and preuent, what in this heat may happen:
His want makes sharpe his Sword; too great's the ill,
If that one brother should another kill. *Exit.*
But. And what will you doe, Mistris?
Sist. Ile sit me downe, sigh loud in stead of wordes,
And wound my selfe with griefe, as they with swordes:
And for the sustenance that I should eate,
Ile feed on griefe; tis woes best relisht meate.
But. Good heart, I pittie you,
You shall not be so cruell to your selfe,
I haue the poore Seruingmans allowance,
Twelue pence a day to buy me sustenance,

One meale a day Ile eate, the tother fast,
To giue your wantes reliefe: And Mistris,
Be this some comfort to your miseries,
Ile ha thinne cheekes, eare you shall ha wet eyes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scarborrow.

What is a Prodigall? Faith like a Brush,
That weares himselfe, to florish others cloathes,
And hauing worne his heart euen to the stumpe,
Hees throwne away like a deformed lumpe:
Oh such am I, I ha spent all the wealth
My ancestors did purchase, made others braue
In shape and riches, and my selfe a knaue.
For tho my wealth raisd some to paint their doore,
Tis shut against me, saying, I am but poore:
Nay, euen the greatest arme, whose hand hath graste
My presence to the eye of Maiesty, shrinkes backe,
His fingers cluch, and like to lead,
They are heauy to raise vp my state, being dead:
By which I finde, Spend thriftes, and such am I,
Like Strumpets flourish, but are foule within,
And they like Snakes, know when to cast their skin.

Enter Thomas Scarborrow.

Tho. Turne, drawe, and dye; I come to kill thee.

Scar. Whats he that speakes like sickneſſe? Oh ist you?
Sleepe still, you cannot mooue me: fare you well.

Tho. Thinke not my fury slakes so, or my bloud
Can coole it selfe, to temper by refusall:
Turne, or thou dyest.

Scar. A way.

Tho. I do not wish to kill thee like a slaue,
That taps men in their cups, and broch their hearts,
Eare with a warning peece they haue wakt their eares:
I would not like to powder, shoote thee downe
To a flat graue, ere thou hast thought to frowne:
I am no Coward, but in manly tearmes,
And fayrest oppositions vow to kill thee.

Scar. From whence proceedes this heat.

Tho. From sparkles bred by thee, that like a villaine.

Scar.

Scar. Ha.

Tho. Ile hallow it in thine eares till thy soule quake to heare it,
That like a villaine hast vndone thy Brothers.

Scar. Would thou wert not so neere me: Yet farewell.

Tho. By nature, and her lawes make vs a kinne,
As neere as are these hands, or sinne to sinne.
Draw, and defend thy selfe, or Ile forget
Thou art a man.

Scar. Would thou wert not my Brother.

Tho. I disclaime them.

Scar. Are we not off-spring of one parent, wretch?

Tho. I do forget it, pardon me the dead,
I should deny the paines you bid for me.
My blood growes hot for vengeance, thou hast spent
My liues reuenewes, that our Parents purchast.

Scar. O do not wracke me with remembrance ont.

Tho. Thou hast made my life a Begger in this world,
And I will make thee bankrout of thy breath:
Thou hast bin so bad, the best that I can giue,
Thou art a Deuill, not with men to liue.

Scar. Then take a Deuils payment.

Heere they make a passe one vpon another, when at Scarborrowes backe comes in Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Ilfo. Hees here, draw Gentlemen.

Went. Bar. Die Scarborrow.

Scar. Girt round with death.

Tho. How, set vpon by three? Sfut feare not Brother: you Cowards, three to one; Slaues, worse then Fensers that weare long weapones: You shall be fought withall, you shall be fought withall.

Heere the Brothers ioyne, driue the rest out, and returne.

Scar. Brother I thanke you, for you now haue bin
A patron of my life, forget the sinne
I pray you, which my lose and wastfull howers,
Hath made against your Fortunes; I repent'em,
And wish I could new ioynt and strenth your hopes,
Tho with indifferent ruine of mine owne:
I haue a many sinnes, the thought of which

Like finiſht Needles, pricke me to the ſoule,
But find your wronges, to haue the ſharpeſt poynt.
If Penitence your loſſes might repaire,
You ſhould be rich in Wealth, and I in Care.
Tho. I doe beleeue you ſir; but I muſt tell you,
Euils the which are gainſt an other done,
Repentance makes no ſatisfaction
To him that feeles the ſmart. Our Father, ſir,
Left in your truſt, my Portion; you ha ſpent it,
And ſuffered mee (whilſt you in ryots houſe,
A drunken Tauerne, ſpild my maintainance
Perhaps vpon the ground, with ouerflowne Cups;)
Like Birdes in hardeſt Winter halfe ſtarud, to flie
And picke vp any food, leaſt I ſhould die.
Scar. I prethee, let vs be at peace togeather.
Tho. At peace, for what; for ſpending my Inheritance?
By yonder Sunne, that euery ſoule has life by,
As ſure as thou haſt life, Ile fight with thee.
Scar. Ile not be moou'd vnto't.
Tho. Ile kill thee then, wert thou now claſpt
Within thy mother, wife, or childrens armes.
Scar. Wouldſt homicide? art ſo degenerat?
Then let my blood grow hot.
Tho. For it ſhall coole.
Scar. To kill rather then be kild, is manhoods rule.

Enter Iohn Scarborrow.

Joh. Stay, let not your wraths meete.
Tho. Hart, what makſt thou heere?
Ioh. Say, who are you? or you? Are you not one,
That ſcarce can make a fit diſtinction
Betwixt each other? Are you not Brothers?
Tho. I renounce him.
Scar. Shalt not need.
Tho. Giue way.
Scar. Haue at thee.
Joh. Who ſtirres, which of you both, hath ſtrength within his arme,
To wound his owne breſt; who's ſo deſperat,
To dam himſelfe, by killing of himſelfe:

Are

Are you not both one flesh?

Tho. Hart, giue me way.

Sca. Be not a bar betwixt vs, or by my sword
Ile meate thy graue out.

Ioh. O do, for Gods sake do?
Tis happy death, if I may die, and you
Not murther one another: O do but harken,
When dus the Sunne and Moone, borne in one frame
Contend, but they breed Earthquakes in mens hearts?
When any Starre prodigiously appeares,
Tels it not fall of Kinges, or fatall yeares?
And then, if Brothers fight, what may men thinke,
Sinne growes so high, tis time the world should sinke?

Scar. My heart growes coole againe; I wish it not.

Tho. Stop not my furie, or by my life I sweare,
I will reueale the robbery we ha done,
And take reuenge on thee,
That hinders me to take reuenge on him.

Ioh. I yeeld to that; but nere consent to this:
I shall then die, as mine owne sinne affords,
Fall by the Law, not by my Brothers swords.

Tho. Then by that light that guides me, here I vow,
Ile straight to sir Iohn Harcop, and make knowne
We were the two that robd him.

Ioh. Prethee do.

Tho. Sinne has his shame, and thou shalt ha thy due. *Exit.*

Ioh. Thus haue I shewne the nature of a Brother,
Tho you haue prou'd vnnaturall to me.
Hees gone in heate to publish out the theft,
Which want, and your vnkindnes, forcst vs to:
If now I die that death, and publicke shame,
Is a Corsiue to your soule, blot to your name. *Exit.*

Scar. O tis too true, thers not a thought I thinke
But must partake thy griefe, and drinke
A relliſh of thy sorrow and misfortune.
With waight of others teares I am ore borne,
That scarse am *Atlas* to hold vp mine owne,
And all to good for me, A happy Creature

In my Cradle, and haue made my selfe.
The common curse of mankind, by my life:
Vndone my Brothers, made them Theeues for bread:
And begot pretty Children, to liue beggers.
O Conscience, how thou art stung to thinke vpon't,
My Brothers vnto shame, must yeeld their blood:
My Babes at others Stirrops beg their food;
Or else turne Theeues too, and be choakt for't,
Die a Dogs death, be pearcht vpon a Tree;
Hangd betwixt heauen and earth, as fit for neither:
The curse of Heauen, that's due to reprobates,
Descendes vpon my Brothers, and my Children,
And I am Parent to it; I, I am Parent to it.

Enter Butler.

But. Where are you, Sir?

Scar. Why starest thou, what's thy haste?

But. Heere's fellowes swarme like Flies to speake with you.

Scar. What are they?

But. Snakes, I thinke Sir; for they come with Stinges in their mouthes; and their Tongues are turnd to Teeth too: They claw villanously; they haue eate vp your honest Name, and honorable Reputation by railing against you: and now they come to deuowre your Possessions.

Scar. In playner Euargy, what are they, speake?

But. Mantichoras, monstrous Beastes, enemies to mankinde, that ha double rowes of Teeth in their mouths: They are Vsurers, they come yawniug for Mony; & the Sheriffe with them, is come to seruean extent vpon your Land, and then cease on your body by force of Execution: they ha begirt the house round.

Scar. So that the Roofe our Auncestors did build
For their Sonnes comfort, and their wiues for Charitie,
I dare not to looke out at.

But. Besides Sir, heer's your poore Children.

Scar. Poore Children they are indeed.

But. Come with Fire and Water: Teares in their eyes, and burning Griefe in their heartes, and desire to speake with you.

Scar. Heape sorrow vpon sorrow:
Tell me, are my Brothers gone to execution

For what I did? For euery haynous sinne,
Sits on his soule, by whom it did begin:
And so did theirs by me. Tell me withall,
My Children carry moysture in their eyes,
Whose speaking drops, say, Father, thus must we
Aske our reliefe, or die with infamie;
For you ha made vs Beggers. Yet when thy tale has kild me,
To giue my passage comfort from this stage,
Say all was done, by Inforst Marriage:
My Graue will then be welcome.

But. What shall we doe, Sir?

Scar. Doe as the Diuell dus; hate Panther-mankind:
And yet I lie; for Diuels sinners loue,
When men hate men, tho good, like some aboue.

Enter Scarborrowes wife Katherine, with two Children.

But. Your wife's come in, Sir.

Scar. Thou lyest, I haue not a Wife: None can be cald
True Man and Wife, but those whom Heauen instald. Say?

Kath. O my deare Husband?

Scar. You are very welcome: peace, weele ha complement.
Who are you Gentlewoman?

Kath. Sir, your distressed Wife; and these your Children.

Scar. Mine? Where? how begot?
Proöue me by certaine instance that's diuine,
That I should call them lawfull, or thee mine?

Kath. Were we not married, Sir?

Scar. No; tho we heard the wordes of Ceremonie:
But had hands knit as Fellons that weare Fetters
Forst vpon them. For tell me Woman,
Did ere my Loue with sighs intreate thee thine?
Did euer I in willing conference,
Speake wordes made halfe with teares, that I did loue thee?
Or, was I euer but glad to see thee, as all Louers are?
No, no; thou knowst I was not.

Kath. O mee!

But. The more's the pittie.

Sca. But when I came to Church, I did there stand
All Water, whose forcst breath had drownd my Land,

Are you my wife, or these my children?
Why, tis impossible: for like the skies,
Without the Sunnes light, so looke all your eies;
Darke, Clowdy, thicke, and full of heauines,
Within my Country there was hope to see
Me and my ishues to be like our fathers,
Vpholders of our Country, all our life,
Which should ha bin, If I had wed a wife:
Where now,
As dropping leaues in Autumne you looke all;
And I that should vphold you, like to fall.

Ka. T was, nor shalbe my fault, Heauen beare me witnes.

Scar. Thou lyest; strumpet thou lyest:

But. O Sir,

Scar. Peace sawcie Iacke, strumpet I say, thou lyest,
For wife of mine thou art not, and these thy Bastards
Whom I begot of thee, with this vnrest,
That Bastards borne, are borne not to be Blest.

Ka. On me poure all your wrath; but not on them.

Scar. On thee, and them, for tis the end of lust,
To scourge it selfe, heauen lingring to be iust:
Harlot.

Ka. Husband.

Scar. Bastardes.

Chi'd. Father.

But. What hart not pitties this?

Scar. Euen in your Cradle, you weare accurst of heauen,
Thou an Adultaresse in thy married armes:
And they that made the match, bawds to thy lust:
I, now you hang the heade, shouldst ha don so before,
Then these had not bin Bastards. thou a whore.

But. I cannot brook't no longer: Sir you doe not well in this!

Scar. Ha slaue.

But. Tis not the aime of gentry to bring forth,
Such harsh vnrelisht fruit vnto their wiues,
And to their pretty, pretty children by my troth.

Scar. How rascall?

But. Sir I must tell you, your Progenitors

Two of the which these yeares were seruant to,
Had not such mists before their vnderstanding,
Thus to behaue themselues.

Scar. And youle controule me sir.

But. I, I will.

Scar. You Rogue.

But. I, tis I, will tell you tis vngently done,
Thus to defame your Wife, abuse your Children:
Wrong them, you wrong your selfe; are they not yours?

Scar. Pretty, pretty Impudence, in faith.

But. Her whom you are bound to loue, to raile against;
These whom you are bound to keepe, to spurne like dogs?
And you were not my Maister, I would tell you.

Scar. What slaue?

But. Put vp your Bird-spit: tut, I feare it not;
In doing deeds so base, so vild as these,
Tis but a kna, kna, kna.

Scar. Roge.

But. Tut, howsoeuer, tis a dishoneſt part;
And in defence of these, I throw off duty.

Ka. Good Butler.

But. Peace honest Mistris, I will say y'are wronged,
Prooue it vpon him, euen in his Blood, his Bones,
His Guts, his Maw, his Throate, his Intrails.

Scar. You runnagate of threescore.

But. Tis better then a knaue of three and twenty.

Scar. Patience be my Buckler,
As not to file my hands in villains blood:
You Knaue, Slaue, Trencher-groome,
Who is your Maister?

But. You, if you were a Maister.

Scar. Off with your coate, then get you forth a doores.

But. My Coate, sir?

Scar. I, your Coate slaue?

But. Sfoot when you ha't, tis but a thred-bare coat;
And there tis for you: know that I scorne
To weare his Liuery is so worthy borne,
And liue so base a life, old as I am,

Ile rather be a Begger, then your Man:
And there's your seruice for you. *Exit.*

Scar. Away, out of my doore: Away.
So, now your Champion's gone.
Minx, thou hadst better ha gone quicke vnto thy Graue.

Kath. O me! that am no cause of it.

Scar. Then haue subornd that Slaue to lift his hand against me.

Kath. O mee! What shall become of mee?

Scar. Ile teach you trickes for this: ha you a Companion?

Enter Butler.

But. My heart not suffers me to leaue my honest Mistris, and her pretty Children.

Scar. Ile marke thee for a Strumpet, and thy Bastards.

But. What will you doe to them, Sir?

Scar. The Deuill in thy shape? come backe againe?

But. No, but an honest Seruant, Sir, will take this Coate,
And weare it with this Sword, to sauegard these,
And pittie them: and I am woe for you too;
But will not suffer
The Husband Viper-like to prey on them
That loue him, and haue cherisht him, as these
And they, haue you.

Scar. Slaue.

But. I will out humour you,
Fight with you, and loose my life or these
Shall taste your wrong, whom you are bound to loue.

Scar. Out of my doores, Slaue.

But. I will not, but will stay and weare this Coat,
And doe you seruice whether you will or no:
Ile weare this Sword too, and be Champion,
To fight for her, in spight of any man.

Scar. You shall: You shall be my Maister, Sir?

But. No, I desire it not,
Ile pay you duety euen vpon my knee:
But loose my life, ere these oppresst Ile see.

Scar. Yes goodman Slaue, you shall be Maister,
Lie with my Wife, and get more Bastards? Do, do, do.

Kath. O mee!

Scar.

Scar. Turnes the World vpside downe,
That Men orebeare their Maisters? It dus, it dus:
For euen as Iudas sold his maister Christ,
Men buy and sell their Wiues at highest price:
What will you giue me? What will you giue me? What will you giue me? *Exit.*

But. O Mistris, my soule weepes, tho mine eyes be dry,
To see his fall, and your aduersitie:
Some meanes I haue left, which Ile relieue you with:
Into your Chamber, and if Comfort be a kin
To such great griefe, Comfort your Children.

Kath. I thanke thee *Butler*; Heauen when he please.
Send death vnto the troubled, a blest ease. *Exit with children.*

But. Introth I know not if it be good or ill,
That with this endlesse toyle I labour thus:
Tis but the old times ancient Conscience
That would doe no man hurt, that makes me doo't:
If it be sinne, that I doe pittie these,
If it be sinne, I haue relieued his Brothers,
Haue playd the thiefe with them, to get their food,
And made a lucklesse Marriage for his Sister,
Intended for her good, heauen pardon me?
But if so, I am sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were vnhappy men;
For they caus'd all: and may heauen pardon them?

Enter sir William Scarborrow.

sir Will. Who's within heere?

But. Sir William, kindly welcome.

sir Will. Where is my kinsman Scarborrow?

But. Sooth, hee's within sir; but not very well.

sir Will. His sicknesse?

But. The hell of sicknesse: troubled in his minde.

sir Will. I gesse the cause of it;
But can not now intend to visit him,
Great busines for my Soueraigne hastes me hence:
Onely this Letter from his Lord and Guardian to him,
Whose inside (I doe gesse) tendes to his good,

At my returne Ile see him: so farewell. *Exit.*

But. Whose inside (I doe gesse) turnes to his good,
He shall not see it now then; for mens mindes,
Perplext like his, are like Land-troubling-windes,
Who haue no gracious temper.

Enter Iohn Scarborrow.

Ioh. O Butler.

But. Whats the fryght now?

Ioh. Helpe straight, or on the Tree of shame,
We both shall perish for the Robbery.

But. What, ist reueald, man?

Ioh. Not yet good Butler, onely my brother Thomas
In spleene to me, that would not suffer him
To kill our elder Brother had vndone vs,
Is riding now to sir Iohn Harcop straight, to disclose it.

But. Hart, who would robbe with Sucklings?
Where did you leaue him?

Ioh. Now, taking Horse to ride to Yorkshire.

But. Ile stay his iourney, least I meet a hanging. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scarborrow.

Scar. Ile parley with the Deuill: I, I will,
He giues his counsaile freely; and the cause
He for his Clyants pleades, goes alwayes with them;
He in my cause shall deale then: and Ile aske him,
Whether a Cormorant may haue stuft Chestes,
And see his Brother starue? why, heele say I,
The lesse they giue, the more I gaine thereby.

Enter Butler.

Their soules, their soules, their soules.
How now Maister? Nay, you are my Maister:
Is my wiues sheetes warme? Dus she kisse well?

But. Good Sir.

Scar. Foe, mak't not strange, for in these dayes,
There's many men lie in their Maisters Sheetes;
And so may you in mine, and yet. Your businesse, sir?

But. There's one in ciuill habit, sir, would speake with you.

Scar. In ciuill habite?

But. He is of seemely ranke, sir, and cals himselfe

By the name of, Doctor Baxtor of Oxford.

Scar. That man vndid me; he did blossoms blow,
Whose fruit proued poyson, tho twas good in show,
With him Ile parley, and disrobe my thoughts
Of this wilde phrensey, that becomes me not.
A table, candles, stooles, and all things fit,
I know he comes to chide me, and Ile heare him,
With our sad conference we will call vp teares,
Teach Doctors rules, instruct succeeding yeares:
Vsher him in:
Heauen spare a drop from thence, where's bounties throng,
Giue patience to my soule, inflame my tongue.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Good mayster Scarborow.

Scar. You are most kindly welcome, sooth ye are.

Doct. I ha important businesse to deliuer you.

Scar. And I haue leysure to attend your hearing.

Doct. Sir, you know I married you.

Scar. I know you did, sir.

Doct. At which you promised both to God and men,
Your life vnto your spouse should be like snow,
That fales to comfort, and not to ouerthrow:
And loue vnto your yssue should be like
The deaw of heauen, that hurts not, tho it strike,
When heauen and men did witnesse and record
Twas an eternall oath, no idle word:
Heauen being pleasd therewith, blest you with children,
And at heauens blessings, all good men reioyce.
So that Gods chayre and footstoole, heauen and earth,
Made offering at your nuptials as a knot,
To minde you of your vow; O breake it not?

Scar. Tis very true.

Doct. Now sir, from this your oth and band,
Faythes pledge, and seale of consience you ha run,
Broken all contracts, and the forfeiture,
Iustice hath now in sute against your soule,
Angels are made the Iurors, who are witnesses
Vnto the oath you tooke, and God himselfe,

Maker of marriage, he that seald the deed,
As a firme lease vnto you, duering life:
Sits now as iudge of your transgression,
The world informes against you with this voyce,
If such sinnes raigne, what Mortals can reioyce.
Scar. What then ensues to me?
Doc. A heauy doome, whose executions
Now serud vpon your conscience, that euer
You shall feele plagues, whom time shall not dessener;
As in a map your eyes see all your life,
Bad words, worse deeds, false oths, and all the iniuries,
You ha done vnto your soule; then comes your Wife;
Full of woes drops, and yet as full of pittie:
Who tho she speakes not, yet her eyes are swordes,
That cut your heart-stringes: and then your Children;
Scar. Oh, oho, oh.
Doct. Who; what they cannot say, talke in their lookes;
You haue made vs vp, but as misfortunes Bookes,
Whom other men may read in, when presently,
Taskt by your selfe, you are not like a Theefe,
Astonied being accus'd; but scorcht with griefe.
Scar. I, I, I.
Doct. Heere standes your Wiues teares.
Scar. Where?
Doct. And you fry for them: heere lie your Childrens wants.
Scar. Heere?
Doct. For which you pine; in Conscience burne,
And wish you had been better, or nere borne.
Scar. Dus all this happen to a wretch like me?
Doct. Both this, and worse: your soule eternally
Shall liue in torment, tho the boby die.
Scar. I shall ha need of drinke then, *Butler*?
Doct. Nay, all your sinnes are on your Children laide,
For the offences that the Father made.
Scar. Are they, Sir?
Doct. Be sure they are. *Enter Butler.*
Scar. Butler,
But. Sir?

Scar. Goe, fetch my Wife and Children hither.
But. I will, Sir.
Scar. Ile read a Letter to the Doctor too, hee's a Deuine;
I, hee's a Deuine.
But. I see his minde is troubled, & haue made bold with duety to read a Letter tending to his good, haue made his Brothers friends: both which I will conceale till better temper.
He sendes me for his Wife and Children; shall I fetch them?
Scar. Hee's a Deuine; and this Deuine did marry me:
That's good, that's good.
Doct. Maister Scarborrow.
Scar. Ile be with you straight, Sir.
But. I will obey him,
If any thing doth happen that is ill,
Heauen beare me record, tis against Butlers will. *Exit.*
Scar. And this Deuine did marry me,
Whose tongue should be the Key to open trueth,
As Gods Ambassador, Deliuer, deliuer, deliuer.
Doct. Maister Scarborrow.
Scar. Ile be with you straight, Sir:
Saluation to afflicted Consciences,
And not giue torment to contented mindes,
Who should be Lampes to comfort out our way;
And not like Fire-drakes, to lead men astray:
I, Ile be with you straight, Sir. *Enter Butler.*
But. Heer's your Wife and Children, Sir.
Scar. Giue way then;
I ha my Lesson perfect: leaue vs heere.
But. Yes I will goe; but I will be so neere,
To hinder the mishap, the which I feare. *Exit Butler*
Scar. Now sir, you know this Gentlewoman?
Doct. Kind mistris Scarborrow.
Scar. Nay, pray you keepe your seate; for you shall heare,
The same affliction you ha taught me, feare,
Due to your selfe.
Doct. To me, sir?
Scar. To you, sir:
You matcht mee to this Gentlewoman?

Doct. I know I did, sir.
Scar. And you will say she is my wife, then.
Doct. I ha reason, sir; because I married you.
Scar. O, that such tongues should ha the time to lie,
Who teach men how to liue, and how to die:
Did not you know my soule had giuen my Fayth
In contract to another; and yet you
Would ioyne this Loome vnto vnlawfull Twistes.
Doct. Sir.
Scar. But sir; you that can see a Mote within my eye,
And with a Cassocke, blind your owne defectes,
Ile teach you this, tis better to do ill,
Thats neuer knowne to vs, then of selfe will:
And these, all these, in thy seducing eye,
As scorning life, make'em be glad to die.
Doct. Ma. Scarborrow.
Scar. Heere will I write, that they which marry wiues,
Vnlawfull, liue with strumpets al their liues.
Here will I seale the children that are borne
From wombes vnconserate, euen when their soule
Has her infusion, it registers they are foule,
And shrinkes to dwell with them, and in my close,
Ile shew the world, that such abortiue men,
Knit hands, without free tongues, lookered like them:
Stand you, and you, to acts most Tragicall,
Heauen has dry eyes, when sinne make sinners fall.
Doct. Helpe maister Scarborrow,
Child. Father.
Ka. Husband.
Sca. These for thy act should die, she for my *Clare*,
Whose wounds stare thus vpon me for reuenge.
These to be rid from misery, this from sinne,
And thou thy selfe shalt haue a push amongst'em,
That made heauens word a pack-horse to thy tongue.
Cotest scripture to make euils shine like good,
And as I send you thus with wormes to dwell,
Angels applaud it, as a deed done well. *Enter Butler.*
But. Stay him, stay him.

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